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Fish

By D. H. Lawrence

FISH, oh Fish,
So little matters!

Whether the waters rise and cover the earth
Or whether the waters wilt in the hollow places,
All one to you.

Aqueous, subaqueous,
Submerged
And wave-thrilled.

As the waters roll
Roll you.
The waters wash,
You wash in oneness
And never emerge.

Never know,
Never grasp.

Your life a sluice of sensation along your sides,
A flush at the flails of your fins, down the whorl of your tail,
And water wetly on fire in the grates of your gills;
Fixed water-eyes.

Even snakes lie together.

But oh, fish, that rock in water,
You lie only with the waters;
One touch.

No fingers, no hands and feet, no lips;
No tender muzzles,
No wistful bellies,
No loins of desire,
None.

You and the naked element,
Sway-wave.
Curveting bits of tin in the evening light.

Who is it ejects his sperm to the naked flood?
In the wave-mother?
Who swims enwombed?
Who lies with the waters of his silent passion, womb-element?
—Fish in the waters under the earth.

What price *his* bread upon the waters?

Himself all silvery himself
In the element.
No more.
Nothing more.

Himself,
And the element.
Food, of course!
Water-eager eyes,
Mouth-gate open,
And strong spine urging, driving;
And desirous belly gulping.

Fear also!
He knows fear.
Water-eyes craning,
A rush that almost screams,
Almost fish-voice
As the pike comes . . .
Then gay fear, that turns the tail sprightly, from a shadow.

Food, and fear, and *joie de vivre*,
Without love.

The other way about:
Joie de vivre, and fear, and food,
All without love.

FISH

Quelle joie de vivre
Dans l'eau!
Slowly to gape through the waters,
Alone with the element;
To sink, and rise, and go to sleep with the waters;
To speak endless inaudible wavelets into the wave;
To breathe from the flood at the gills,
Fish blood slowly running next to the flood, extracting fish-fire;
To have the element under one, like a lover;
And to spring away with a curveting click in the air,
Provocative.
Dropping back with a slap on the face of the flood
And merging oneself!

To be a fish!

So utterly without misgiving
To be a fish
In the waters.

Loveless, and so lively!
Born before God was love,
Or life knew loving.
Beautifully beforehand with it all.

Admitted, they swarm in companies,
Fishes.
They drive in shoals.
But soundless, and out of contact.
They exchange no word, no spasm, not even anger.
Not one touch.
Many suspended together, forever apart,
Each one alone with the waters, upon one wave with the rest.
A magnetism in the water between them only.

I saw a water-serpent swim across the Anapo,
And I said to my heart, Look, look at him!
With his head up, steering like a bird!
He's a rare one, but he belongs. . . .

But sitting in a boat on the Zeller lake
And watching the fishes in the breathing waters
Lift and swim and go their way—

I said to my heart, Who are these?
And my heart couldn't own them. . . .

A slim young pike, with smart fins
And grey-striped suit, a young cub of a pike
Slouching along away below, half out of sight,
Like a lout on an obscure pavement. . . .

Aha, there's somebody in the know!

But watching closer
That motionless deadly motion,
That unnatural barrel body, that long ghoul nose . . .
I left off hailing him.

I had made a mistake, I didn't know him,
This grey, monotonous soul in the water,
This intense individual in shadow,
Fish alive.

I didn't know his God,
I didn't know his God.

Which is perhaps the last admission that life has to wring out of us.

I saw, dimly,
Once a big pike rush,
And small fish fly like splinters.
And I said to my heart, There are limits
To you, my heart;
And to the one God.
Fish are beyond me.

Other Gods
Beyond my range . . . gods beyond my God. . . .

They are beyond me, are fishes.
I stand at the pale of my being
And look beyond, and see
Fish, in the outerwards,
As one stands on a bank and looks in.

FISH

I have waited with a long rod
And suddenly pulled a gold-and-greenish, lucent fish from below,
And had him fly like a halo round my head,
Lunging in the air on the line.

Unhooked his gorping, water-horny mouth,
And seen his horror-tilted eye,
His red-gold, water-precious, mirror-flat bright eye;
And felt him beat in my hand, with his mucous, leaping lifethrob.

And my heart accused itself,
Thinking: *I am not the measure of creation.*
This is beyond me, this fish.
His God stands outside my God.

And the gold-and-green pure lacquer-mucous comes off in my hand,
And the red-gold mirror-eye stares and dies,
And the water-suave contour dims.

But not before I have had to know
He was born in front of my sunrise,
Before my day.
He outstarts me.
And I, a many-fingered horror of daylight to him,
Have made him die.

Fishes,
With their gold-red eyes, and green-pure gleam, and under-gold,
And their pre-world loneliness,
And more-than-lovelessness,
And white flesh;
They move in other circles.

Outsiders.
Water wayfarers.
Things of one element.
Aqueous,
Each by itself.

Cats, and the Neapolitans,
Sulphur sun-beasts,
Thirst for fish as for more-than-water;
Water alive
To quench their over-sulphureous lusts.

But I, I only wonder
And don't know.
I don't know fishes.

In the beginning
Jesus was called The Fish . . .
And in the end.

Sappho

By H. de Vere Stacpoole

New Fragment IV.

MNASIDICA

(Who left us to live in Sardis, yet who remembers old days and the songs of Atthis.)

O'ER the Lydian girls, so soon
All their beauty dimmed and banished,
Like the rosy-fingered moon,
Stands the Sardian girl who vanished.

Like the moon above the sea
Midst the stars when dusk is falling,
In her beauty standeth she,
Clear across the darkness calling:
"Atthis!"

Winds of night that blow
Bear us nothing, seas that fold us
Bring no whisper, yet we know
—For the listening night has told us.

Bond Street

By Lady Irene Butler

So we meet again, after
The years—the long dead years!
So we meet again,
Laughing such silly laughter,
Speaking such trivial words.
Speaking of sunshine and of rain,
And towns, and books and things—
. . . Down by the water still the poplars wave,
And the chestnut swings
In the wind. And in the night
Sometimes, the dead leaves
Patter like falling tears!
This year they lie, a little heap, all piled
Beneath the trees—

. . . . . .

So we meet again
And part, after the years.

. . . . . .

If you had held your hands out wide
To me, I think I should have cried
Like a foolish child!

Norse Sailor's Joy

By Wilfrid Thorley

Now, landsmen, list! There is no sight more fair
Than taut-strung cordage printed on pale air
When noon is high and bravely the ship's course
O'er-rides the riot of the reinless horse
That charge her bulwarks and go under, fleeing
Far in foiled wrath. There is no fairer seeing
Than tiny flags that flutter from the steep
Slim mastheads as they dance above the deep,
Crying aloud, " Good-bye, good-bye, you girls! ",
And from the ship's side the last eddy whirls
Of land-locked water. There is nothing sweeter
To seamen's eyes than sight of the Blue Peter
Aloft and crying loudly to the land
" We leave you, now we leave you! " Then each wand
Of corded wood becomes a violin
The wind's hand dallies with as out and in
His fingers wander, and the good ship goes
With ranked sea-horses plunging at her bows,
And in her sails the rumour of a drum
Struck by the Monster she shall overcome!
Yea, she shall overcome it and shall sing
Through all her topsails in her triumphing
When she rides down the level harbour fiord
Where lies one arm of ocean like a sword
All steely cold, and o'er the sheer crag shooting,
A sunbeam shows you all the grey gulls looting
Nigh the lank nets that late have drawn the shoals.
Then all the sailors sing with gladdened souls
To see the rockland after ocean-riding
Through long, loud nights and still fair peace abiding
That erst they knew ere that remembered day
They left behind them their old Norroway;
For in their nostrils are the sweet pine-smells,
And in their ears the music of old bells,
And in their eyes the promise of delight
Round the warm ingle at the fall of night.

Tolstoi

By M. P. Willcocks

THE English taste for the cult of the Galahad in its heroes was never more useful than in the case of Leo Tolstoi. For he, being complex, had yet to speak with power in the ears of the simple-minded. This required that his personality should be drawn on classic, not on Gothic, lines. It was the Western writers who granted him this boon. They did it by suppressing contradictory and subtle details; by excising gargoyles, so to say, and in general by ignoring the rich umbrageous design of the whole human structure. Thus was his message delivered to the masses, and, through the irony of fate, by the power of a half-truth. In the case, then, of this great truth-teller the good he did was by no means "interred with his bones," but rather raised into a fiery cross to summon men to the war against sin. And so we Northerners, a true people of the mist, have shaped Leo Tolstoi as a Saint and built him out of our respect for righteousness and especially out of our own lust for action. But to make the Saint we had to shroud the bare form of this gigantic Slav in the garments of our own idealism. The limelight has therefore been thrown on the preacher and prophet, on the plain man challenging society to face the living God and reform its ways. In his soul Tolstoi was a man of the East, laying all stress on sanctity, but it is as a typical man of the West, as one who instantly turns holiness into good deeds, that we love best to contemplate him.

This picture of our manufacture is a source of great satisfaction to us. And rightly so, for if we can re-create a Tolstoi of such noble, simple lines, we must needs possess within ourselves a potential nobility that, so far, has not seen the light in action.

What we have done with the Saint of Yasnaya Polyana is—to leave out the earth in him. Tolstoi "Englished" is simply a man crucified by society, a man who says, "I,

if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me"; he is the modern exemplar to a crazy, war-stricken Europe. But in fact he is also the grey, grim, earthy figure of Gorki's reminiscences. We have partially understood Tolstoi's gospel, and, as he himself did, have found it too hard. But we have not grasped the significance of his personality because we refuse to acknowledge its blemishes and so cannot see it in relation to the scheme of things, that is, to evolution. To get this view we must needs fuse the Slav idea of him with our own. He is a Saint who fought for sanctity as few men have fought; he is an artist who despised art; he is a teacher who preached morality and despised reform. But he is more than this, for he cannot even be set like other characters in his allotted niche in the temple of human achievement. No position as a statue on a shelf will possibly fit him, for he is rather a working model of the entire plan of the building, a replica of the mighty design.

Many of us still share with the ancients that curious dread of the "windy darkness" of the unseen world, that world which we seem sometimes to enter from this side in dreams, in fever-fits, in flickering intuitions. It is the land which Maeterlinck seeks to represent in art, the land which Couperus uses as material for his drama of *Old People and the Things Which Pass*. From this twilight consciousness we hurry joyfully back to the common daylight of bodily existence. It is this bodily life, this daylight scene, as pleasant as country sunlight after a night in a haunted house, that Tolstoi re-creates in art: he lives the life of the body, of muscle, nerve, and blood-flow; his scenes take place on no inner stage, but in the noonday of the flesh. We see his camp-fires, bivouacs, ball-rooms, law courts, council chambers, birth- and death-beds, for he is the intellectual centre of an entire solar system. The original impulse of his life is an overmasteringly strong bodily consciousness. It was from this primitive inspiration of the body that both the artist and the saint had to be evolved.

No man ever had a harder task; but then no other man in modern times had to run through the gamut of progression from the animal nature to the divine.

Practically in his novels there is but one male character; that is the average commonplace man, called Pierre or

Andrei in *War and Peace*, Levin in *Anna Karenina*, or Nehludof in *Resurrection*. These men only differ from one another in the varying degrees by which they hunger after God. Some are almost dead to Him; many are quick with desire for the Life-giver, but all alike share so boundingly in physical life that merely to read of them seems actually to quicken heart-beat and blood-flow in the reader. No Frenchman ever wrote of the sensual fire with a power so enkindling as this man that strove with God for a blessing. For force and reality in one mode Tolstoi's women can only be compared with Balzac's. But the genesis of Balzac's creative impulse is mental: he flings forth his conceptions as though they were cast in bronze from the fire of the mind. His figures of wives, prostitutes, young girls, and old maids are constructed and fused, while Tolstoi's physical instincts alone make him realise the psychology that accompanies puberty or pregnancy, girlhood or middle age. His Matryona in *The Powers of Darkness* is old womanhood steeped in body's lusts and the grim knowledge they give; his Anna Karenina an awful gloss on Schopenhauer's doctrine, as the prostitute in *Resurrection* is a living shard from the scrap-heap of the sexual forge. Elsewhere in literature there is nothing like these beings of the flesh. Compared with them Balzac's horrible and sometimes obscene women are not fleshly facts, but illustrative designs merely. In the work of this Russian the blood is like a brimming stream that finds a million irrigation channels, so that every blade and rootlet sucks up the moisture of the parent source. But in the mentality of the Frenchman the blood flows deep in a bed that was excavated centuries ago.

Where Tolstoi's women find their salvation in giving birth, in speeding the passing soul or welcoming the coming one, Tolstoi's men rise out of the body and its lusts to seek God. When Levin is fighting for a philosophy of life, Kitty is preparing for motherhood or soothing the deathbed of Levin's brother. Women are, for Tolstoi, the janitors of the house of life, and therefore Kitty, mere girl as she is, finds herself at home in a scene of physical horror. It is the peasant view of woman: she is born not to seek God by thought, but to obey His will by merging her whole being in the scheme of generation. In his most exalted

moments Tolstoi cannot rise above this view; in his lowest and most unregenerate stage he out-Adams Adam with his outcry against the woman that tempted him. No monk ever railed louder than the creator of the *Kreutzer Sonata*. Woman can only serve God when "she knows that the children, the generations to come, are given to men as their holiest vision, and that she exists to further, with all her being, this sacred task." Her heaven is reached, then, "when the body has accomplished the Law." It is doubtful if she can ever enter any other. All that Tolstoi learnt of wisdom he learnt—or so he says—from the peasant man, but of the peasant women he makes his wise old man, Mitritch, say: "A peasant woman, what is she? Just mud! There are millions of the likes of you in Russia, and all as blind as moles—knowing nothing! All sorts of spells: how to stop the cattle-plague with a plough, how to cure children by putting them under the perches in the hen-house. . . . So many millions of girls and women, and all like beasts in a forest! As she grows up, so she dies! Never sees anything; never hears anything!" A being so low as this can only escape damnation by being used, as is the outcast in *Resurrection*, for love's purposes where once she served the aims of lust. Living spirit in her own right she is not; she is merely a creature in whom good habits can be induced. She is a being of the flesh: she must obey the law of the flesh. To the day of his death, apparently, Tolstoi could not slough off the old carnal horror, the old carnal joy. And what was bred in the bone produced at times in this fierce Puritan a Rabelaisian and libidinous humour.

But does not this genius of the flesh in Tolstoi express precisely that gulf out of which the race has begun to climb? Is not the cry for escape from it the cry which has resounded century after century as man has learnt the way up?

In the opening of Tolstoi's career as an artist, escaping from the sentimental influence of Dickens and Sterne, he goes straight to life and writes *The Cossacks*. In the Caucasus he has come into contact with a primitive social state where the pagan joy of life still persists unwithered by the touch of change. The old hunter Yeroshka teaches him that it is not sin to love a girl; it is salvation. "God

made you; God made the girl, too; he made everything, father: so it is not a sin to look at a pretty girl." This simple and satisfactory logic explains life. And death is summed up by the saying, " You will die and the grass will grow on your grave, and that is all there is in it." Yeroshka realises that " an animal is far more cunning than a man "; that a sow is " also a divine creation," and wonders why the Russians . . . " know nothing and are yet so learned." Yeroshka smells of blood and powder, of earth and sweat, but he possesses the lost gift of wholeness, of an undivided nature. Tolstoi as Olenin, at any rate, craves for it, longing for happiness, " whether I be an animal or an insect, or an envelope in which is enclosed a part of the divinity."

It is the " envelope of divinity," so foreign to Yeroshka's philosophy, which betrays him: he cannot go back to the life of these people of the woods and vineyards. It is not in man's power to go back: the gates of Paradise are closed for ever to one who has passed outside it. A mysterious voice tells Olenin that he cannot wholly live this Cossack life, " because he had another idea of happiness which consisted in self-sacrifice." The lost simplicity of the ancient world, that is, its belief that " nothing is a sin," is gone—for those who have outgrown it.

There is no going back.

Tolstoi, in the nerve and fibre of his genius the animal man to whom " Life is God," has begun his strange rehearsal of the race's course and progress.

At the gate of his Cossack Paradise he meets death. And to the genius of the body mortality comes with its deadliest pang. Accordingly it is the primitive horror of the corpse in *War and Peace* that seizes the Princess Marya at the deathbed of her father; in *Anna Karenina* the fire of the work blazes most fiercely in Nicolai's gasping breath, in his sweat and fear and emaciation. It is only in the shadow of death that those worldlings, the woman, the lover, and the husband, become for a while simple and real. Again the writer, whose first recorded sensation as an infant is that of being bathed, expresses in these words the horror of the flesh and its inevitable dissolution: " The little pond was now washing up against the embankment, simply because it was full of human bodies—the bare bodies of soldiers floundering about in it, their white skins making

vivid contrast to their brick-red arms, faces, and necks. All this mass of bare human flesh was wriggling about with shouts and laughter in that filthy water, like carps flopping in a scoop. This wriggling carried the name of enjoyment, and for that very reason it was particularly melancholy. 'Flesh, body! *Chair à canon*,' said Prince Andrei, as he looked down at his bare body, and trembled, not so much from chill as from his aversion and horror, incomprehensible even to himself, at the sight of that tremendous mass of bodies rinsing themselves in that filthy pond." Prince Andrei here foresees death, as the little Princess foresaw life when "she took the princess's hand and laid it just below her heart. Her eyes smiled with anticipation, the little downy lip was raised in a happy, childlike smile. 'There! there, do you perceive it? It is so strange. And do you know, Marie, I am going to love him very dearly.'" And it was this happy mother to be who, a few hours later, lay dead with a look on her face that asked: "What have you done to me?" Again, the peasant threatened with a new home is like a creature that is part of the soil. Says he: "And all our peasant ways are here; here from time out of mind. And here's the threshing floor, and the little garden, and the willows, and here my parents lived, and my grandfather; and my father gave his soul into God's keeping here—let us stay here, and say our prayers—do not take from us our nest, kind sir." Nor can a drawing-room hide the persistence of the beast, for do they not talk there after dinner to stimulate the digestion "by moving the muscles of the tongue and gullet"?

So do men weave the fleshly garment of Maya, or illusion, on the loom they have made of space and time.

It is his power over the flesh that makes the greatness of Tolstoi's art. In the seduction scene of *Resurrection* the crackling of the ice on the river, the whole air of watching earth, comes down like a cloud that shares in the stealthy fire of the lovers. This is joy according to old Yeroshka; the joy of life and death; of damnation and salvation. For in these books everywhere the flesh brings death quick following on life—amid luxury; on the oven of an inn; in the crash of a tree or to the fool in the hanging of a window-curtain. And in all this there is the joy of the beast and the horror of the worm; not the awe of the

Great White Throne. The savour of mortality is born of the genius of the flesh.

Such was the temper of Tolstoi's youth when he thought there could be no happiness on earth for anyone who had "so large a nose, such thick lips, and such small eyes"; when the coarse, simian face was as yet unmarked by the lines of spiritual conflict or by the graving-tool of divine love. The vices, as he notes, of this temperament are vanity, sensuality, and the gambling fever; its strength is a kinship with the vital processes of nature. In Tolstoi this rises to supreme power when he works with imaginative genius on the material of history. And it is his faculty for sensing the deep subterranean currents of feeling in races which produces the lifelike illusion of *War and Peace*. We feel that we are not merely watching a spectacle, but actually living in a power-house of energy. When Tolstoi, for instance, desires to explain the movements of humanity in the year 1812 he does it by appealing to our knowledge of those strange impulses which from time to time come down upon men as though they were bees or birds. The gravitation of the Napoleonic armies towards Russia he compares to the strange exodus of the peasants towards "the hot rivers." He says, "Just as birds fly home across the sea, so these men, with their wives and children, made every endeavour to reach that unknown South-East where none of them had ever been before." Thus the whole episode of the invasion of Russia is removed bodily to the realm of instinct, an instinct as dependent on the sense of the flesh as is the passion of the hive. The culmination of this process is found in the portrait of Kutuzov, the General who scorns intellect and knowledge—in the mental sense; who reads a romance of Madame de Genlis on the campaign and whose sole function is to react truly to the mass-emotions of which he is the centre. Kutuzov is nothing, according to Tolstoi, but a great bee-master whose intellect has resolved itself into "the one faculty of calmly holding in check the course of events." In one view he is just a silly old man as he thrusts out his lips like a child to kiss the magic ikon, or smiles inwardly at those German heads among his Generals that are all full of "arguments which aren't worth a row of pins." But what cares Kutuzov, or his creator, for arguments, since the issue of a battle is

determined " not by the plans of the commander-in-chief—but by that imponderable force called the spirit of the army "? Kutuzov led because he knew what was in his soldiers' hearts, as they, too, knew what was in his. Such is the unity of racial instinct as Tolstoi sees it: to him it is an expression of the law of the flesh.

Nor is his scorn of plan-making applied only to the national sentiment of the Russian army. No, the French, too, had to enter Moscow, not because of any military scheme, but simply because that " deflowered virgin " of a city was to them only " wine uncorked, which they had to drink." Even Napoleon when he suffers from influenza feels that " our body is a living machine—let the life in it be left to itself; let it defend itself; it will do more than when you paralyse it by loading it down with remedies." Great man as he was, he seems thus to anticipate the theories of auto-suggestion. Even the brain, the will, and the purpose of this Alexander are but thistledown before the power of instinct. And so we watch this little tool of destiny being brushed in back and chest by one valet, while another scents him with eau-de-Cologne. He is as empty-headed as he looks. And when Moscow's soul is lost by the withdrawal of her people the imagery which Tolstoi uses to describe the state of the doomed city is that of the queenless hive. The bee-master, breaking open some of the waxen cells, " instead of the compact black circles with thousands of bees crouched back to back and contemplating the lofty mysteries of generation, sees hundreds of down-cast, half-dead, unconscious skeleton bees, who have died in the holy of holies from which long since the spirit had fled."

Never was history so steeped in the imagery of primitive nature; never was the arrogant claim of intellect so flouted. In this phantasmagoria of history men are driven by a force within themselves as inexplicable to their intelligence as is the urge of procreation itself. One who " commands " an action is, in this view, no more than the centre of a current.

This spirit, due not so much to fatalism as to Tolstoi's own nature, since this was rooted in the depths of Nature itself, turned him from artist into seer and so made him the chronicle and brief abstract of humanity's upward course.

His life of eighty-two years, what is it but a chart of our history, of our long struggle to evolve—from Yeroshka to the Christ? Like the embryo's short survey of the race's past in physical evolution, so Tolstoi's psychological development follows the course of our inner development. Not only so: he actually lived through a stage which is, as yet, only realised in vision by those who watch from a height the country yet to be explored.

Tolstoi is, then, both history and prophecy.

At any rate, this theory does include in its purview the several facets of this man's many-sided nature: it gives us the great rock-like man, a part of earth herself; the man of appetite; and the man storming the heavens to get a glimpse of God. "Nothing will remain of me but putrescence and worms," says the natural man in him. The natural man in him again enjoys the struggle of a wolf against death. It is another man, yet the same, who wrote that pitiful picture of death in the slaughter-house called *The First Step*, and that awful indictment of man's treatment of life in *Cruel Pleasures*. It is yet another man who in old age can reply to the Holy Synod, who had excommunicated him, thus: "I believe in life eternal. I believe that man is rewarded according to his acts, here and everywhere, now and for ever. I believe all these things so firmly that at my age, on the verge of the tomb, I have often to make an effort not to pray for the death of my body, that is, my birth into a new life."

Tolstoi has run then in his own person the whole course from the animal to the man; he has loved pagan days; has tried the philosophies, from Epicureanism to Stoicism; has explored the religions and extracted the sense of Christianity; has at last found his eternal nature and is at one with the universe of being. He who began as companion of the worm has become pregnant of God. God's servant, Leo Tolstoi, has found the divine rest, but after terrific struggles. It is these struggles that endear him to us.

How was the gulf bridged? The natural man in him so savoured the joy of the Cossacks that he craved the boon of their Paradise; this natural man saw history unroll by means of currents of instinct as inexplicable to reason as the rage of the hive; it was this man who painted the dreadful fury of Venus Victrix that spoils and ruins, so

that the faces of her rapt victims are red with the fire of hell. The other man, late born in time, like a Hindu stormed the heights and plumbed the depths in search of God, and, like a man of the West, sought, too, for a way of life that would bring peace and happiness on earth. How was the gulf bridged?

Tolstoi's own account of the matter is that he learnt all from the two peasants, Sutaief and Bondaref, and from the laws for man and woman which these expounded. The laws are two: for the man, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and for the woman, "in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." For the happiness of men consists in life. And life is labour. The millions who obey these commands are in the right way, for they fear neither death nor pain nor privation. They also find God in the only way in which He can be found—by obeying His orders.

It is perfectly true, to an extent that is very difficult for Westerners to realise, that what we find in Tolstoi's teaching he first found in the Russian peasant. He found sects that refused military service, that refused oaths, that obeyed Christ's economic system literally in that they owned no private property; he found his principle of the "great crime," the owning of land by private owners, among the peasants. Tolstoi was, in fact, steeped in the life of nature as the moujik lives it. The beauty of loving-kindness he learnt, slowly and like a child, from the traditions, from the *bylines*, or peasant fables. From the cradle to the grave he was lapped in Russian earth, in the spirit, half rank, yet clean, half fantastic, yet simple, of the Slav who is Tatar, too, in his art and his morality. The spirit of the earth that cradled him was answered by the nervous system which made him sense life always through the body. One part of Tolstoi would be well understood by a Primitive Methodist in a Cornish chapel: that is his hunger for God, his longing to escape that sense of orphanhood which he feels when without God. The Primitive Methodist, too, smacks often of that carnality which finds in woman a vessel of damnation and of lure. But what the Cornishman would not understand in Tolstoi is the appalling directness of the man's logic, his devouring honesty in applying what he has learnt. And this is Russian. Yet even the Russian stands aghast at a thoroughness so abso-

lute. For in Tolstoi it is accompanied by rage and bitterness, by an acrid, scorching smoke of contempt for his own weakness as well as for the cruelty, injustice, and moral folly of the possessing classes. And this bitterness continued to the end. One of the saddest literary testaments in the world is that fragmentary play, *The Light Shineth in Darkness*, in which he paints the misery of his position when he is forced to live the life of the world, yet finds that life unspeakably abominable.

The truth is that Tolstoi's own position was one of unavoidable duplicity. The one prayer he prayed, " Make for me a straight path, O Lord," could never be answered because of his own nature. He was unable to feel God actually at work except in a social state that was based on honesty. Like a man who cannot work in an untidy house, Tolstoi had to put the house in order before he could be at peace. And there, of course, he was utterly baulked, for the will of men is set *not* to tidy the house and *not* to serve God. And against this rock of ill-will Tolstoi broke heart and head in vain.

He presents in this matter a complete contrast to Dostoievsky, who was satisfied with an imperfect world because, even in such a world, he found God in men's souls. And the creator of Alyosha had no need of a new world, because the old one had not failed to produce the divine treasure. The oyster may be poor, but what matter that, so the pearl be good? No such comfort visited the crucified soul of Tolstoi, who is fain to call down the fire upon men. There is something of the fierceness of a priest of Baal about him: he hacks himself. This he must once have suspected, for does he not deny " any predilection for Christianity "? It is the good sense, not the character, of Christ that appeals to him. He reviles the Church, not because it fails in tenderness, but because it disobeys Christ's commandments and condones war, capital punishment, and the " great crime " of private property, consoling the poor for the injustice done to them in this world only by a title deed of heavenly property.

Of the two possible roads which lead upwards from the animal, Tolstoi needs must choose the road of the spirit, where the vehicle is love and the guide is mysticism. And so he sets out on the great journey in search of the " uni-

versal spirit." But with him, as with others, the God whom he finds is the God whom in seeking he makes to be, as Giovanni Gentile puts it. Tolstoi's God is He of the two commandments; of the laws of the flesh, one for man and one for woman. He is a God of humble work and His best attribute is that, a peasant creation, He feeds the hungry and clothes the naked. His followers are as poor and simple as the Nazarene. This road followed by Tolstoi and the mystics ends in union. It is Miguel de Unamuno who puts into imperishable words the desire of Tolstoi, the God-seeker: " I want to be myself, and yet, without ceasing to be myself, to be others as well, to merge myself into the totality of things, visible and invisible, to extend myself into the illimitable of space, and to prolong myself into the infinity of time. Not to be all and for ever is as if not to be. At least, let me be my whole self, and be so for ever and ever. And to be the whole of myself is to be everybody else. Either all or nothing." In words that are like hammer-strokes the Spaniard tells us what was Tolstoi's bridge: Tolstoi, too, was sure that " He is in us by virtue of the hunger, the longing which we have for Him, and He is Himself creating the longing for Himself." But Dostoievsky's knowledge is even more direct, for some men in the flesh are already " everybody else "; they are whole even according to the Spanish mystic's dream.

But there is another bridge, another road upwards, the road of the mind, where thought is the vehicle and the guide the thinker, the scientist. The goal here is full comprehension of the universe, visible and invisible. On this road one frames in thought hypotheses and tests them by experience. It was of this road that Tchehov spoke when he said: " Modern culture is only the first beginning of work for a great future, work which will perhaps go on for tens of thousands of years, in order that man may, if only in the remote future, come to know the truth of the real God—that is not, I conjecture, by seeking in Dostoievsky, but by clear knowledge, as one knows twice two are four."

It is not the " direct knowledge " of the mystic, this twice two are four, but it is " direct knowledge " in another mode. And therefore these two roads that move upwards and parallel to one another would seem to meet. But at infinity.

Tolstoi will have none of this way of the mind: he takes the peasant's view of art and science. We know what he makes of the planner, the schemer, in history. And his priests of science merely exist, like the other priests, to cheat the millions of workers out of what is their own. To Tolstoi even scientific cleanliness is an affectation of the dishonest rich, and antiseptics are just as silly as eau-de-Cologne. And as for the effort of mental science to find from the nature of man's powers what link there may be between finite and infinite, we know what Tolstoi makes of such an effort by his play, *The Fruits of Culture*, a crude and bitter travesty of the work of psychical research.

This road of the mind would never have brought Tolstoi into contact with the great mass of simple people to whom he makes appeal: it is not his way at all. He is by nature not a thinker or reasoner, not a loving man, not a holy man. His gift is that bodily merging in the great sea of life which he shares with the animal and the insect, and especially with the man whose intelligence is closed to the wisdom of this world. The genesis of his whole spiritual life is to be found in the scene where the Tolstoi children watch the fool Grischa: "The moon, which was almost full, shone in through the window looking towards the forest. The long white figure of the fool was illuminated on one side by the pale, silvery rays of the moon; on the other it was in deep shadow. . . .

"Grischa folded his huge arms across his breast, bent his head, sighed heavily, and without intermission, and stood in silence before the images; then he knelt, with some difficulty, and began to pray. . . . He prayed for his benefactors (as he called those who entertained him), among them Mamma, and us; he prayed for himself, besought God to forgive him his grievous sins, and said: 'O God, forgive my enemies.'

"A long time has passed since then; many memories of the past have lost all significance for me and have become like confused visions; even pilgrim Grischa has long ago taken his last journey; but the impression which he made upon me, and the feeling which he awakened will never die out of my memory.

"O great Christian Grischa! Thy faith was so strong that thou didst feel the nearness of God; thy love was so

great that thy words poured from thy lips of themselves—thou didst not revise them with thy judgment. And what lofty praise didst thou offer to His Majesty, when, finding no words, thou didst fling thyself to the earth in tears."

Is not this the Way of the Cross as it has been trodden by millions of simple men? Does not this scene disclose the secret thrill of the long, forgotten ages of instinctive groping up which the human soul has found a way?

Humbly, like a child, a fool, Tolstoi of the mighty will, of the instinct for the exaltation of the Cross, has to learn the alphabet of love from the despised and rejected, from the idiot, from the moujik. This giant that sets himself to school is, magnified a thousand times, the common man who is of the earth, earthly, yet desires to be of the Lord from heaven.

The Tolstoyan story is a mirror in whose depths humanity may read much of its own obscure history, something possibly of its yet darker future.

For the form of civilisation to which a mystic must look—if he concerns himself with civilisations at all—is one where man builds a good State because he cannot serve God in a bad one. Spiritual conversion, man by man, is the process by which the world, according to this scheme, must be rebuilt. In this scheme the deliberate calculation of ends, the architectonics of social reform, are useless. For the basis of all action is primordial, it comes from the source of life, a source of life which does not act through man's mentality, but by vision, as in the ecstasy of a St. John of the Cross, or in a flash of insight, as when Tolstoi sees, when the head of the murderer falls into the basket of the guillotine, that a crime against the law of God has been committed. This intuitive, direct insight comes, as Tolstoi sees it, from God. The method by which it comes he calls "reason." But by reason he by no means implies the mere mental process of arguing from certain premises to certain conclusions. For his "reason" is "a law analogous to those which regulate the nutrition and the reproduction of the animal, the growth and the blossoming of herb and tree, the movement of the earth and the planets. . . . Reason cannot be defined and we have no need to define it, for not only do we all know it, but we know nothing else."

Now, what " reason " is this that keeps the most ancient heavens in place and guides the life of all?

It is the one supernatural power which Tolstoi acknowledges, that intuitive and direct intelligence which sways all life, but which in the case of man has to be re-discovered by his own efforts. So understood, the " Fall " of man is simply that sophistication which has blinded him to the truth that happier and simpler creatures have never lost. When reason is again mastered by man, he will then realise, not by the mind, but with all his nature, the unity of existence. Thus we come to the point when, as Tolstoi says, " Humanity has done with the idea of life considered as individual existence." Señor de Unamuno's vision of desire will be ours, for, in Tolstoi's image, " I see the light as an enormous temple in which the light falls from on high and precisely in the middle. To become united we must all go towards the light. Then all of us, come together from all directions, will find ourselves in the company of men we did not look for; in that is the joy."

Tolstoi's thought, by expressing in concrete form the Eastern ideal of life, challenges, of course, the whole tendency of Western life. The object of the West has been by division of labour to raise ever higher and higher the tide of production. This aim is at this moment taking on a more definite form than ever before, for it is bent on nothing less than the organisation of the current of inflowing life for its own purposes and by its own scientific methods. It will re-create existence and build the social scheme on a deliberate, though slowly evolving, plan, through birth-control, through international organisation, and, finally, by the deliberate classification of men according to mental calibre, so that each human being shall be set to perform the exact work for which his intelligence fits him. The aim is a commonwealth of divided labour, a commonwealth as accurately defined as that of the bee, but by mind, not instinct.

All this is diametrically opposed to Tolstoi's principle, for his aim is, not manipulation, but a yielding of the soul to the divine current as perceived through instinct, intuition, and faith. The question with him is not to make as many pins as possible, nor even as many men, but to make godlike such men as God may choose to create. Such men

will, one and all, realise that life is labour. We have lost health by dividing labour, as we have violated justice by freeing some men from labour. No man can be healthy unless he toils with muscle, the sweating toil of the heavy earth; unless in craftsman's work he uses his fingers; unless by thinking, his brain; and by communal intercourse, the instinct that bids him draw near his fellows. Against this four-fold activity—muscular, tactile, mental, social—without which no man can be healthy or happy, the West has set a division of labour which is none the less a crime because it has produced Western science, industry, and art. In producing these things it has defied God and destroyed man.

There is no true Western science, therefore, because the only true science is that which sets out to ascertain what is the true destiny of man. "Such was the science of Confucius, Buddha, Moses, Socrates, Christ, Mahomet."

To a man of this temper there is naturally no science in the mere inquiry into the laws of Nature, for these will not reveal the purpose of creation. Tchehov's knowledge of God, found by investigation after ten thousand years, is not for this Titan weary of the flesh. One must escape the flesh and so find the moral law.

And the essence of this moral law, the essence that makes it God's law, is simple enough; is simple enough, in fact, to torpedo the whole Western system of morality. It is just "give more than you get"—always. But Western morality says that the only principle by which human nature can be got to move is—"get, whenever possible, more than you give." Tolstoi's achievement is to have brought all the teaching of the Eastern prophets and Saints into one formula, the most revolutionary that was ever devised.

But, "if the laws of Solon, of Confucius, are science, if the teachings of Moses, of Christ, are science," then "the temples in Athens, the Psalms of David, church worship, are art," for such art, being iconography, shows the steps by which men approach the sense of unity that is the final consummation of existence. Is it any wonder that with such an aim as this no artist can be allowed to stray upon the heights of Olympus, that no artist can be suffered

to become fat? Must they not, each one, suffer with man in order to find salvation?

But when, as we Europeans think, the artist is at his greatest, Tolstoi condemns him; he found in the creator of Hamlet " no artist "; he passed sentence on Beethoven; he called Chopin " Animal."

This view of art is the logical result of Tolstoi's science. The scientist, whom Tolstoi hated, works by experimental analysis to discover the laws of matter. But it is just this physical world that Tolstoi fears—because it speaks in him with such tremendous force. Yet it is through those senses which Tolstoi feared that the artist creates his copy of the world of matter, exploring by word, sound, colour, and form the emotional powers of the sea of being. Wrought upon by such powers, spiritual but diabolic, Tolstoi resists, for he feels that these creatures of God, light, sound, and form, are but veils that hide from him the very God Himself. Being of the mind of St. Augustine, that God has created us for Himself alone, Tolstoi deems it a crime to forget the glory of the Eternal even in the contemplation of His most majestic ministers.

For the man who began by thinking that one can only live when one is drunken with life lived to write these words of himself: " There are men with powerful wings whom pleasure leads to alight in the midst of the crowd, where their pinions are broken. Such . . . am I. Then they beat their broken wings; they launch themselves desperately, but fall anew. The wings will mend. I shall fly high."

He trailed broken wings, but he flew high. This is Tolstoi, but it is also Man himself.

Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda (i)

By Robert Nichols

I

It was earliest morning in the Ægean. Andromeda, who had been kept awake overnight by the Nereids' prolonged celebration of Poseidon's five thousand and fifty-second birthday, surveyed the quotidian wonder of the scene without enthusiasm. Below her crag the sea washed back and forth with as torpid a sound as the breathing of the Monster, her master, who dozed in sesquipedalian ease, whiskered saurian jaw upon web-foot, and from time to time lifted a bleary eyelid that he might direct at the nymph such a clumsy wink as enabled him at once to keep a close watch and to express with an air of humorous knowingness the otiose satisfaction he felt in her continued presence. To such glances she responded, as was her wont, by a brilliant smile. On this particular morning Andromeda could, however, not but be aware that her smile lacked something of that delicious spontaneity on which she particularly prided herself.

"Hateful beast," she murmured, "how weary I am of him! How horribly uxorious he is! Why does not my Hero come?"

She lifted a mirror, sole heirloom of her mother the beautiful Cassiope, who in an ill-advised moment had so imprudently (if justifiably) challenged the Nereids to a combat of good looks and had been rewarded with the usual sequel to such competitions—a scandal, the spite of less fortunately endowed divinities, and, in this case, the additional penalty of the condemnation of a lovely only daughter to an Ægean rock under the wardship of the Monster. Andromeda sighed. Alas, this mirror and a comb of ebony, carved in the shape of a running crocodile, gift of her father, Cepheus King of Ethiopia, were all she possessed in her own right. And she was already tiring

of them. For what pleasure is there in combing orichalcian hair with even the strangest comb before even the most becoming mirror if the ensuing satisfaction cannot be shared with another? Beauty, whatever the poets, who are notoriously susceptible to its charm, may say, is not born to blush unseen. Is not its function to lend an exquisite touch of poetry to an otherwise workaday universe? Andromeda was conscious that woman is not a chattel, but has a mission in the world, and that, in her present circumstances, she was unable to fulfil that mission. Her glance swept the scene. How wearisome the prospect that greeted her! She observed—for the seven hundred and thirty-first time—Phœbus rising, charioted, in the east. He was in no haste. The winsome stallions were yet jetting brine from their manes and the disdainful God himself continued to dally at winding of the chaplet of flame about his cockled poll. Anon, placing a foot upon the chariot's prow, he shook free the reins and, covering his mouth with his hand—perhaps to stifle certain symptoms of such world-weariness as in every age and clime martyrs the elect—began his accustomed posting. A placid aureate light suffused the still waters of the archipelago. Each islet, mossed with vegetation and delicately stippled with fissures, stood upright upon its silvery reflection, and the almost imperceptible motion of the swell, gliding as a hand glides beneath a surface of silk, caused each in turn to rock upon its image. When this oscillation had subsided nothing moved in the void of the sky save the ball of the sun, nothing moved in the profundity of the waters save the sun's molten and ever-widening blaze.

"Yes, my pet, an uncommonly grilling hot day it's going to be," sighed the Monster; "folks may call me the Grand Turk, but, Turk or no Turk, I can't stand stuffy heat."

He adjusted the fez he wore between his horns by a shake of the head. "Here, my love, is another novel for you." He stirred a flipper. "Your old friend, the Sea-Captain, is going below."

The deep, slowly surging, closed above him. Three gigantic bubbles broke surface with the sound of exploding bladders. Andromeda stooped for the book.

"He doesn't in the least understand me," she muttered,

" and, what is worse, he has no memory. I've read this book before." The leaves were curled by the heat, freckled and glistening with the sea-salt from which the Monster had plucked it.

The refrain of the sirens, words of aboriginal simplicity, intoned to a chant at once monotonous and seductive, floated to her ears. The sound irritated her. She frowned toward the reef on which they lay, drawing their hair through their teeth or sucking their mother-of-pearl necklaces. From Circe's isolate crag, topped by a colonnaded palace on the roof of which sparkled a gigantic mirror and other astrological instruments, arose a swinish screaming. Then all was still again. The sea regurgitated in the sea-caves with the sound as of prodigious yawns.

Andromeda tapped the covers against a dimpled knee. Sand trickled from between the pages. The volume opened where it would seem to have opened before.

" *Truly he was good to look upon with the fair hair curling off his forehead.*"

Andromeda wrinkled her nose.

" *Women said of him that he had fascination. He had—had he known it. She knew it now. . . .*"

Andromeda knit her brows.

" *There was an inexpressible something in his glance, something wonderful that had never been there before.*"

Andromeda bit her lips.

" *And suddenly at last—what had happened to her? What was she doing?—he took her in his arms.*"

Andromeda flung the book into the sea.

The Monster made no sign. Once more she commenced to comb her hair. A light breeze had arisen and the torrent of tresses wavered gently to and fro, half veiling, half disclosing the miraculous perfection of a body rounded like a peach, and flame-flushed or pale as the inner surface of an oyster-shell. Two ochre butterflies, drifting down the air, danced, palpitant, before her eyes as if to watch her. . . .

II

It was at this moment that a page, standing in the machicolated foretop of the *St. George*, a vessel laden with knights, men-at-arms, and pilgrims returning from

the Holy Land, cried to Sir Perseus, where he sat at a chess-board in the poop, " Islands ahoy, sir, on the starboard bow "; and, two minutes later, " A flame on the extreme westerly isle, sir."

Then Sir Perseus cried to the page, " Climb down, my page, for I deem that the bell to matins now soundeth, and it is not meet that thou shouldst absent thyself therefrom."

" Goest thou not, sir, to matins thyself? " replied the page.

" Alas, no," answered Sir Perseus; " needs must that one should watch, therefore will I take thy place."

So he climbed up into the crows' nest.

Then the sirens, observing the ship of chequered sail, with its palisaded poop and glitter of shields, lances, and trumpets mustered in its waist, redoubled their singing.

" For," reasoned they, " this must undoubtedly be that famous scamp Ulysses making tracks for home, having shot the moon on every hostess the world round. There never was such a rogue. Well, we won't let him give us the go-by this time."

Sir Perseus, however, so lusty was the singing of the anthems aboard his vessel, did not hear their chorus. But having by the very purest chance viewed how all naked the sea-fairies disported themselves among the shallows, turned his eyes away, being very much ashamed for their sakes. " Sore grieveth it me," he said, " these ladies should be so forward. I doubt not but that they are laid under some ill spell by a wizard. Yet because the flesh is frail and my companions may not be so impervious to their charms as I am myself, I will not put back to rescue them." So he sailed on.

Then Circe, perceiving by the aid of her astrological magnifying mirror Sir Perseus erect in the crows' nest, said to herself, " Well, if he isn't Ulysses, he is at any rate a very presentable young man." And forthwith she began her enchantments.

No sooner, however, did Sir Perseus ascertain that his ship was being drawn out of her course and beheld the spectacle of a mature, if charming, woman standing and making certain demi-occult signs with her hands upon the roof of the island palace, than he was troubled in spirit.

" Madame," said he, " I doubt not but that your inten-

tions are honourable, yet much sea-faring hath made me most marvellous circumspect, and, moreover, I have my crew to consider."

So from within his surcoat he produced his jewel, which contained a portion of the left ear and three bristles from the tail of the illustrious pig aforetime attendant on St. Anthony, a relic which Sir Perseus had acquired, together with indubitable evidence as to its pedigree, from a Hebrew merchant in the heart of the Holy City itself.

So exceptional a token was not without its effect upon Circe. "What an original!" she said. "He must be English. They are all mad." And she laughed so consumedly as to make mistakes in her incantation. The ship returned to its course.

Sir Perseus fanned himself with his breviary. There was, it seemed, an unusual concentration of assorted perils to be encountered that day, and the weather was uncommonly hot.

A sudden clamour arose from the prow. The company was pointing westward. Upon the furthest islet Sir Perseus perceived a flame of extraordinary beauty to be wavering. This flame wavered not *up*, but *down*.

Andromeda, taking note of the strange ship and feeling she didn't quite know how, but with the infallible divination of a handsome young woman's instinct that her saviour was at hand, now plied her comb with double energy.

"Ah," said Sir Perseus with a strictly knightly oath, "I wot there is some strangeness here. Sweet saint, who givest to the mariner keener eyes, grant that I may discover it."

His prayer was almost instantaneously answered. A miraculous clarity such as so often visits the eye of chivalrous youth under like circumstances, improved his vision to such an extent that he clearly descried not only Andromeda, but the horns of the Monster now emergent from the waves.

"Sir," said Sir Perseus, "fortune hath dealt right well by me this day. Many perils contrived I to avoid which were but the stratagems of the Evil One to avenge himself in that so well I have acquitted myself against the Saracen. Yet now I doubt not but that Heaven has granted me to deal a goodly stroke in my turn for the enterprises that

Satan, albeit that he had no profit of them, has launched against me, and ye also peradventure, this day."

"What wilt thou then, sir," returned the company, "that like a brachet thou bayest a stag, which, truth to speak, sir, we see not?"

"Perceive ye not," answered Sir Perseus, "that flame upon yonder islet? I do declare unto you that it is the hair of a damsel in distress."

"Peradventure thou speakest rightly;" declared the company, "belike the Saints, according to their wont, have granted thee sight to discern that which for common folk has no convincing existence. We know not. Do then what thou wilt."

So Sir Perseus climbed down from the top and ordered the ship to be anchored and a cup of wine to be brought him and the company to go to prayer. "For," said he, "I wot well that I must needs show some prowess in arms this day."

Then made he haste to drink as they to pray, and afterward assumed his unique set of armour, which included a shield resplendent as glass in the furnace and an elegant pair of rainbow wings in the Early English style. His hauberk, famous for its property of conferring invisibility, he retained in his left hand; in his right he grasped the celebrated falchion Herpë, the hilt of which was studded with diamonds of the finest water, and which was said to have been shot from Heaven among the lighter dunnage of St. Irminsul.

Meanwhile the Monster was remarked to have wholly risen from his Mediterranean couch and to be observing the ship with curiosity not unaccompanied by symptoms of irritation. Columns of sea-water, shaped like lilies, sparkled momentarily against the blue horizon; a golden vapour of steam lifted slowly into the sunshine; two vast whorls of smoke, breathed presumably from the creature's nostrils, crimsoned the quiet crescent of the infant moon yet laggard in the skies.

The song of the sirens died down. Upon her palace-top Circe now ceased her enchantments to stand at gaze stiller upon the apex of its pediment than any statue. In all that scene nothing moved but the rollers lengthening themselves indolently shoreward, the silken pennants

weakly stirring aboard the *St. George*, and upon the islet's utmost crag that unique flame now agitated with an extreme vigour.

Sir Perseus rose in graceful circles from the poop. Spying him, the Monster lifted his barbed tail and playfully flourished it so that the sea-water spun off the spines in a sheet of flame, a draught of jewels. Faint cheers from the ship's company followed the hero across the water. The sirens clapped their hands and began to swim in ample circles, momentarily thrusting, swanlike, their bosoms from the wave, the better to enjoy a view. Circe, advancing one knee, clapped a small telescope to her eye. . . .

For a while Andromeda was not able to discern the figure of her champion on account of the ascending smoke. Suddenly he appeared directly above her. She drew in her breath with a cry. He was even more handsome than she had anticipated. With chestnut hair blown back by the velocity of his downward plunge, with wings folded behind him like a swallow, cased in silvery armour lit by the reflections thrown up from the waters, he appeared scarcely human: no other than Ganymede, momentarily stooping toward his former companions, joyfully to display the gifts heaped upon the favourite of Zeus—ideal arms and a celestial plumage.

III

The encounter was but of short duration. Even the eldest of the sirens, who in her time had beheld more than one contest between youthful heroes and elderly dragons, was surprised at its brevity. "But it is the way of the world," she reflected. "Youth, above all when aided by the cap of invisibility, which renders the wearer blind to his own imperfections, now, as ever, will be served." And she resumed the trivial round among her companions.

Andromeda had but glimpsed her deliverer, and no sooner glimpsed than lost. Smoke, rolling from the waves, enveloped the pair. Nothing was to be seen or heard but the waters boiling beneath the bosom of the cloud and the frequent flash and whirr of the hero's falchion. At length a subsidence of the turmoil and a tinge of carmine deepening among the sand-atoms in the body of the waves informed Andromeda that that which she wished had at last

been indeed accomplished. The pall of smoke, wafted seaward upon a single breath of breeze, melted into the luminosity of distance.

She gazed aloft. Perseus, hovering on wings tremulous as those of a poised kestrel, cast his shadow upon the depths, and in the exaltation of thankfulness lifted to the skies his silken cap of invisibility and the cross-hilted brand that had been forged in heaven. The sun, blazing upon his helm and through the curls which floated from beneath it, wreathed his head with a nimbus of fire. His eyes were glassed by tears.

Andromeda found herself a trifle abashed. She had scarcely foreseen quite such a transport before the expectation of her yielding to the rights of a champion. It lowered him a little in her eyes.

"Hero . . . ," she said softly.

"Hero!" she repeated more loudly.

Perseus started. She observed that, even constant and quivering upon the air as he was, her voice upset his equilibrium. He veered away. Re-established in the æther, the bird-like warrior took one long glance at her. Then abruptly he closed his eyes, plucked down his vizor, tucked the cap of invisibility into his belt, and descended.

Andromeda parted the hair from her forehead and stretched out her arms. A rush of golden eddies netted and climbed her palpitating body.

Abruptly he stood beside her. With a cry she circled her arms about his neck. "I cannot greet you as a delivered maiden should while your vizor is down," she said.

Sir Perseus, disengaging her hands from his shoulders with gauntleted fingers, disposed one across her breasts, and the other in that decorous position most customarily affected by the Graces. Then, turning his head away, he spread her hair round her body.

"Heathen maiden," said he, "very evident is it that you stand sorely in need of that which I hasten to bring." And forthwith he baptised her in water yet brackish with the blood of the dragon.

* * * * * *

When seemly night fell Andromeda was conveyed aboard the *St. George*.

(To be continued.)

The Psychology of Flying

By L. De Giberne Sieveking

I MAY as well say at once that I do not intend to give you any preface, any personal explanation, any vague penumbra, or any excuse for saying the following things. Nor do I mean to quote any authorities. Not only because it would be tedious to me, but also because I don't know where to look for them. Probably there are not any authorities for what I am going to say—but I will face whatever music may come from my suggestions.

The Effects On The Mind. . . . Well, when I say effects on The Mind, I do not mean my mind, for I have observed others. There are times, of course, when this method of expression would not be quite adequate; as when one says "Blank has no sense of humour," and means "Blank has not one's own particular sense of humour." A hundred men, a hundred minds.

When men began to fly, after the period which elapsed since Mr. Dædalus' effort across the Icarian Sea, they considered only the possible and very probable effect on Man's body. They came at once to the very just and reasonable conclusion that he would come back on to Mother Earth's hard, knobbly face with a bump. The result, said they, would be uncomfortable, even disastrous. They were quite right. Man got off the earth. He returned to it just in time to break his neck. Later on he succeeded better. He escaped breaking his neck, and only became incapacitated for life.

Now I shall give you another set of explanations setting forth the reasons why I shall not give you any explanations on another point. I will not trouble you with scientifically mechanical phraseology. Not that my phraseology is ever mechanical! I had rather said the terminology of mechanics—in other words, "shop."

I will call the things "aeroplanes," not "aerofoils." I will, should I need to, talk of the "body," not the "fuselage"; I will avoid affected *clichés*.

Man had, then, only considered the results to his physical side . . . or, for the purposes of this article, I assert that he had. Possibly you may have read vast tomes and treatises, and will outwit me with Weltenstrombergean Theorems of Pseudo-Mentality in Relation to Aviationary Acrobatics! I don't care!

The great thing in life is to see things freshly. *You* don't know what your hairbrush is really like. Why? Because you have seen it every day for years and never once looked at it. You have no notion about the surface of your dining-room table. This is because you have seen it so often. But have you never come in at your front door—say for the fourteen thousand and eleventh time—and stood there in blank amazement at your hat-stand. "*Is* my hat-stand really like that?" you murmured, "I never noticed my hat-stand before! And, good Lord! Look—*look* at the umbrellas!"

I am not alluding to the new mental attitude induced by drinking. I am alluding to the new mental attitude induced by thinking.

That is the chief—the fundamental basic effect of much flying on the mind. Quite involuntarily one sees the world—the whole world—from an entirely new point of view, owing to having got up in the air above it. It may not seem important to have any particular physical attitude in order to get any particular mental attitude. But in reality it is.

Keats, in order to see things in a new light, felt the desire to sit on peaks in Darien. (There! And I said I would not quote any authorities!) Some professors find they can think more clearly when standing on their heads. Kings cannot be expected to look at things as I do. The gold paint on their thrones obfuscates their vision. The miner has got down underneath the earth and looks at it all crooked up sideways through a crack. And just look at the result of that to-day. One stands to attention to get the rigid state of mind. One kneels to get the reverent state of mind. One goes up into the air and looks down to the earth from a great height in order to get the entirely impersonal state of mind.

Once off the earth and one is beyond any human aid or relationship, until one has put oneself down again all

in one piece. Of course, one is always alone. But one cannot realise this when people are close all around. But up there—one knows clearly, acutely, that one is alone: not only then, but always.

At first, of course, the entire attention of the individual is taken up with the actual details of making the blessed machine go, and keeping it right side up. But after months, years, of flying about over various countries, up and down long stretches of coast . . . seeing towns like haphazard bird-droppings blown hither and thither; then there comes the time when habit makes the hand to drive the machine and the mind has leisure to observe for long, quiet spaces of time all the things that are above—and more especially all things that are below.

Here I interpolate the disappointing information—the crushing blow of disillusion—that I shall not tell you any wild tales of hairbreadth escapes, of spinning into trees and sliding over clouds and losing of engines.

Circumstances force one to observe odd little things closely. One has to land when possible, head up wind. One looks for smoke to see where the wind is. Sometimes there is no smoke. But often there are cows. Now cows invariably feed (as they seem to be doing all the time) head up wind. Presumably this is because they do not wish to stand broadside on to the wind. You and I are just the same after all. We live head up wind. We do not stand broadside on to the keen blast of the unpleasant side of life—but there! I make you a present of that sententious truism!

Talking of physical attitudes as a means of obtaining mental attitudes, I am sure that no one who has never turned himself upside down without moving (as one does in a loop), and, looking *upward*, has seen the earth over his head—can ever really realise that he and his fellows are living topsy-turvy all the time.

Alice, falling down a rabbit-hole, wondered if cats eat bats, or if bats eat cats. When I fall about up in the air, I wonder if I am you, or if you are me. Sometimes I come to the conclusion that we are both somebody else.

I will remain on a plain plane as much as possible in talking about aeroplanes. But insomuch as the subject is concerned with aeroplanes, it is perforce concerned with

other planes than those which concern the motorist. The motorist, or he who drives a horse, or, for the matter of that, he who rides a bicycle, has only to consider subconsciously the forward and the backward, and possibly is occasionally bothered by the side-to-side, movement.

But in the air there is a completely unrestricted area of movement, calling in the up-and-down. He is confronted with what appears to a humanly slow brain to be an almost simultaneous performance of motion in all directions at once. At a great height, of course, owing chiefly to the scarcity of air combined with a great speed through it, the individual who is in the machine actually lives several times faster than anyone who remains on the surface of the earth. His whole being, all his faculties and senses, are in motion much faster in relation to time than they could be in any circumstances whatever—save perhaps only those of the proverbial drowning man, whose brain is supposed to perform a perfect cataract of revolutions. The result of this is that, as all life is made up of action and its consequent reaction, when he reaches his normal atmosphere again and resumes his normal rate of living, he suffers, often without being conscious of it, from an acute reaction, both mental and physical. I am convinced that this speeding up of the brain is capable of tremendous results in tangible form. For it is not only a speeding up of the whole personality, which demonstrates itself in dealing with the actual business in hand, but there is that product of acceleration—illumination. It is not only that in relation to time his mind arrives more quickly at any conclusion, but that he arrives at a better conclusion—a clearer conclusion . . . or is capable of doing so. Ideas arrive clear-cut and vivid, like clouds high up on a mountain ledge. Down below there are too many thought waves always traversing and counter-traversing each other; too many other personalities close around, clogging up the ducts of every other individual mechanism.

High, high up in the clearer air, the mind seems to be, as it were, purged of certain glutinous structures. It revolves with an altogether unprecedented velocity and perfect precision.

One might think that, on considering the average flying man one has met, this is merely the idlest flap-doodle

word-spinning. But the many mediocre minds, of course, would in no circumstances be capable of anything of importance. Yet even these have casually let drop remarks which tell their own tale. "When I was up there, this idea . . . and that notion . . . came suddenly into my mind. . . ." "Suddenly, at about ten thousand, I realised, as though someone had told me close in my ear, that . . ." And such little queer bits of things. I should not be surprised at all if some time people who are in responsible positions—politicians who can see no way out of some tremendous difficulty, doctors in dilemmas, and so on—should get into a machine and take a half-hour in the upper atmosphere. The clearer, unworried, untangled, unglutted, not over-breathed upper air.

Then that reaction. . . . But it's worth it! Many a man after a long flight of several hours comes down and says nothing to anyone for a long time. He probably drinks a good deal. He sleeps. He lazes. I myself was so completely and utterly exhausted after a certain very long flight, from the North of England to Paris and further southward, that when eventually I landed I had not even the vitality of mind to choose between the courses of a dinner when the menu was put before me. This is *emphatically not only* physical and nerve strain. It is an intellectual strain also. The mind has been working against time, against its own normal volition, as it were. Some of the finest intellectual qualities in a mind are brought into play during such a time.

Looking down, one sees the inland hills, flat with the rest, the highest of them mere colour differences. The sea looks, perhaps, just a big, comfortable field of corn; and that coast-line against the edge of it! In and out with its million odd indentations and projections, like the map which one has so often looked at, and which is just before one in a little case. So little is the difference between the map and the actual. There goes the Thames Estuary . . . and there is London; and there, further to the left, the river begins on some inland slope. All so little and so far away. The infinite space all round, above and below. Perhaps a few clouds which one plays about with, darting through them, as God might in an idle mood, sweeping aside with an impatient hand those which had drifted be-

tween Him and some distant tiny drama which He was observing with a meditative eye.

All this, you know, has an undoubted effect upon the mind of the person who is sitting up in the sky, having utterly forgotten the mechanical device which is bearing him. What that effect is or will be, cannot now be said for certain or to any fulness. But it is surely without doubt that there will in future generations be noticeable an evolution of a new type of mind whose tendencies and capabilities can be directly traced to the fact that they and their fathers have flown about the sky and remained in that upper air for many hours in their lives. The quickened action and exaggerated clearness of functioning in the brain, and consequently in the actions prompted by the brain, when in these unnatural conditions, are followed almost without exception by their corresponding reaction in the shape of slower thinking and general lethargy.

There are so many incidents in the ordinary flying experience, quite apart from anything in the nature of flying for war purposes. These incidents give a sudden jar to the mind. They bring it up sharply against some perfectly new emotion. In doing this they undoubtedly achieve a very important tonic effect. Extreme fear, extreme joy, or extreme shame have their uses. But extreme surprise is quite as important as any of these.

Always, for instance, one has been accustomed to the series of incidents that go to make up—for English people, at any rate—the getting into another country. There is the changing of trains. The waiting in Customs and passport queues. The getting on to the boat. The sea. The sea-sickness. The getting off the boat. The gradual change of temperature. The so gradual change of appearances in the scene.

But the arrival on foreign ground, with all its multitudinous differences *without* any of these gradual changes, the complete absence of realisation that one has crossed the sea, brings to the brain a small convulsion which is like the jolt that sometimes starts a watch going again.

The mooning along between night and day—as I have so often done—behind one, to be seen for the trouble of turning the head, Holland completely in darkness. Beneath, the line of the Belgian coast, shading gradually off

in a half-light. "In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly, but westward, look! the land is bright!" Westward, ahead, France—already in full dawn. One gets the birds-eye view, the broad outlook. It is not merely the physical which brings the mental position, it is all the other circumstances as well. The seeing of these odd things, these previously unknown, undreamed of, unwritten of sights, that must assuredly broaden the mind's own possibilities and charge it with the vital essence which can only be absorbed from startling experience. And all the while the clean, sweet air is rushing across your face at a hundred miles an hour. Deep lungfuls! Deep mouthfuls! Deep, deep mental mouthfuls!

There comes to many of the flying type that accustomedness, that unconcernedness with the idea of death. It may come now . . . or now . . . in a minute. And with this a certain recklessness.

How one feels for the first moment of walking across the earth on landing, that one could easily leap over that row of houses! And how, in the same moment, one has an infinitely distressing sensation of being clamped down to the ground—manacled by the very grass-blades!

It has been observed that the memory becomes affected by much flying. That it becomes in some types of person quite dulled and incapable of calling up a clear picture. But the antidote for such symptoms is to decide upon taking up a definite attitude of mind to the attitude which one's mind assumes when the machine takes one up. That is to say, that while the mind receives an unaccustomed impetus—an elation such as practically no other experience is capable of giving it—one will retain the commanding reins, even though one is standing to one side and allowing the absorption from Space to have its course. It is the objective point of view of yourself.

One or two flights in the air are not sufficient to produce any noticeable effect whatever, except such perfectly ordinary symptoms as fear, sickness, excitement, a tendency to sing in a somewhat irresponsible manner—and so on. . . . No, I am dealing with the effects observed on minds whose bodies have remained many hours off the surface of the earth over a space of years.

At present the thing is too new to speak of fully. All

the men who have flown for any length of time are yet young. What will eventuate in their personal development remains to be seen later on. Undoubtedly the next generation of flyers will be upon the next phase of that evolution. I would not say that any new qualities might be produced, so much as that qualities that are now dormant or semi-dormant may develop into a hitherto unknown predominance. I should say, for example, that these conditions which I have been describing will prove to be of the first importance spiritually. That such qualities as intuition and telepathy, which are now only used involuntarily and in entirely irregular ways, may evolute more quickly with the influence of flight than they would without it into powers quite as much at the command of the individual, as hearing, tasting, or learning by heart.

The reaction is the chief thing to fear. But as it is inevitable it must be taken into account. And *inasmuch* as it is inevitable, it cannot be bad or fundamentally retrogressive in any way, because nothing in Nature can be that in the long run, however unreasonable some circumstances, states of things, or effects may temporarily seem to be.

All types of men who fly are conscious of this very obscure subtle difference that it has wrought in them. Very few know exactly what it is. Hardly any of them can express what they feel. And practically none of them would admit it if they could.

There is always present that sensation of being alone —completely alone with something . . . or someone else. It is not to be felt if one rises only for a few minutes. It comes very slowly. Alone . . . and yet not alone. . . . Difficult to express. Diving, rolling about, the earth above and then below again. The clouds, the sun, and the infinite blue. One realises without any formation into words how that one is oneself, and that each one is entirely separate and can never enter into the recesses of another, which are his foundation of individual life.

This point of view may be, of course, purely symbolic of generalities. However, one could, naturally, give vast data showing the varied consequences of flying upon all kinds and conditions of minds. But all of it would, in a sense, be premature. The verse that has been prompted by it is, without exception, as far as I know, even more

worthless than the verse produced by the so-called "war poets"; with the exception of Sassoon and possibly two others. (Brooke was not, strictly, a "war" poet.) All who went through a certain amount of disgust, mixed with half a pound of panic, six grammes of blind excitement, flavoured with home-sickness, seemed to think that their untutored first attempts to express themselves were going to burst upon a bleak and grim world with a flare of new colour and fresh hope. Somehow they seemed, at the time, to have got a number of other people to believe this, too. Where are they now? I need not do more than step gently over them and proceed towards my point.

There was, too (quite apart from all I have said up to now), in the war period that queer, absolutely personal and yet impersonal standpoint. That cannot but have left its mark. When it was a case of fighting it was a case of *you* there and *me* here. You in your machine dodging about and aiming at me. And I doing the same. Sliding about across the face of the sun, trying to get into good positions from which to put a string of bullets through each other's heads. Just the two of us, fighting . . . like a duel in a wood in early morning. War? Armies? Thousands of others? We didn't know anything about all that!

And again, there was the absolutely impersonal standpoint. After some hours of surging along through inky blackness to the incessant crooning of huge engines, a string of green things like little glowing balls of fire would come curling up at you from nowhere in particular, and then you left them behind. Then a searchlight or two lit up the machine in a queer way. You reached your town. You sailed about a bit, taking stock of it. Then suddenly you decided it was all right, and the other fellow went along and loosed off the gigantic bombs one after the other. Down they went. Exploded. Some shooting. Some holes in the machine. That's all, and next day photographs and accounts. So many people killed. So many injured. So many disappeared altogether. A railway station and a street or two gone. One would be smoking a quiet after-lunch cigarette by then, perhaps. A perfectly unbrutalised, unexcited person with brushed hair and clean finger-nails. Yet one had done all that.

But that is merely a side issue away from the main current of this paper. Flying is an unnatural state for a man. But war flying is an unnatural state of an unnatural state.

I may not have said what I had to say in a particularly orderly or clear manner; but to conclude, I may as well say that I am quite convinced that this emotion of flying, this seeing the tops of things, and this staying up in the higher air will become a circumstance which will have to be taken into account in making any computation of the composite evolution of the human mind.

It may tend to shorten physical life. Not only by sudden death, but also by means of over-strain. But eventually I am certain that it cannot do anything else than intensify intellectual life.

THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

The Contemporary Theatre

By Hermon Ould

A CHRONICLE of the contemporary theatre must in these days take note of printed plays no less than of plays which have been performed. Unhappily, many plays which would in healthier days attain their destined utterance in a theatre are compelled to make shift between the covers of a book. It is appropriate that in this number of THEATRE-CRAFT, which contains a photograph of Paul Nash's model for Gordon Bottomley's *Gruach*,* a word should be said about the play itself, which has recently been published.

Continuing to explore the vein which yielded *King Lear's Wife*, Mr. Bottomley has reconstructed one evening in the life of Gruach before she became Lady Macbeth. It was a daring experiment, amply justified by its successful issue. The play is written in free blank verse of remarkable flexibility, quick and vivid, rugged and even brutal when the need demands, full of colour and music when the circumstance permits. The character of the future Lady Macbeth is deftly adumbrated in the words and doings of the young Gruach—the grim command of self, the stiffening of will, and the violence of thought before which young Macbeth inevitably yields. The play would act well and provides in Gruach a character which should tempt any actress whose first consideration is her art; an exacting *rôle*, but rich in reward if adequately interpreted.

The scene designed for the play by Mr. Nash is described by him in these words: "A box setting of recessed and projecting walls, with a painted back-cloth seen through the big doorway. A flight of winding steps ascends from the archway behind the cloaked figure. Coloration: A range of brown and blue-greys to black. The scene depicted is lit by firelight and a glimmer from the snow outside."

* *Gruach and Britain's Daughter*, by Gordon Bottomley (Constable).

The revival of Mr. Shaw's *Misalliance* at the Everyman Theatre, following on the heels of *Getting Married*, refuted once more the assertion, countenanced by G. B. S. himself, that he is primarily a journalist and that the influence of his work is necessarily ephemeral. *Misalliance*, one of the wisest and wittiest of his comedies, is as rich in meaning for to-day as it was for yesterday. Notwithstanding Mr. Shaw, we are much less interested in the opinions which may be justly ascribed to him, however stimulating they may be, than in the characters which, springing spontaneously from his genius, stand on their own feet and proclaim their independence. Most of the characters in *Misalliance* may stand for representative points of view, but Lina Szczepanowska escapes analysis or classification and takes her place as a self-consistent creation without prototype—herself a prototype.

It is interesting to discern in this play and in *Getting Married* the first indications of the technique which was brought to perfection in *Heartbreak House*. *Getting Married* provides one character whose roots are imbedded in the eternal verities—Mrs. George; *Misalliance* another —Lina Szczepanowska; *Heartbreak House*, born of the blood and sweat of the greatest tragedy of our times, is so scintillant with emanations of the eternal verities that it needs a generation unwearied by war to appreciate its infinite implications.

The performance of *Misalliance* at the Everyman was thoroughly good, though sometimes a little lacking in subtlety. It was pleasant to listen to Mr. Milton Rosmer's easy and rapid delivery of the Shavian lines. Mr. Harold Scott erred in being too broad in his treatment of the character of The Man, but was so richly comic that even Mr. Shaw would have forgiven him his liberties. Mr. Felix Alymer, as Lord Summerhayes, gave the subtlest interpretation of the evening. If I had not had in my mind the strange compelling figure which Lena Ashwell made of Madame Szczepanowska when the play was produced before the war, I might have accepted the healthy young airman, with a foreign accent, which Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore made of the part; but we needs must love the highest when we see it.

"*Windows*, a Comedy (for Idealists), by John Gals-

worthy," is being performed at the Court as I write. It is an enjoyable entertainment, with more humour than Mr. Galsworthy usually allows us, breathing a philosophy of kindliness which can do nobody any harm. It breaks no new ground, either in thought or technique. Mr. Galsworthy has given us all these sentiments before, and his method of presentation has become a formula. In Mr. Bly, the window-cleaner, he has approached perilously near to reviving that anachronism of the French stage, the *raisonneur*, who points to morals which ought to be implicit in the interplay of character. The acting at the Court is excellent. Miss Irene Rooke's subtle demonstration of how a very well-bred lady can become drunk in a very well-bred manner and serve the purpose of the author by uttering opinions which in soberness she would deny, absorbed the whole of my attention towards the close of the play, and left me hazy as to what had happened to the rest of the characters when the final curtain fell.

I had intended to write about *Decameron Nights* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, but have left myself no room. No matter. There is nothing to add to what has already been said, except, perhaps, this: that in spite of the wasteful excesses which have become a byword, the production showed that even this lavish management has not been untouched by the movement towards simplification. Several of the scenes, stripped of their embarrassing crowds, would reveal quite simple forms. For instance, if the painted architecture on the right of the stage in the scene wrongly described as the Piazza di San Marco had been removed, the rest of the setting would have been really impressive—two upright columns against an Italian sky and little else. The Monastery at Neda was quite pleasing in form, and it was only the unnecessary trappings, the multitudes of supers, and the tricky and meaningless lighting which made it seem vulgar.

. . . . . .

By the courtesy of the Dorien Leigh Gallery, we are able to give in this issue three examples of work done in the American Little Theatres, to which the new movement in the theatre is so much indebted.

The Insurgent Theatre in Russia*

By Francis Treat

From the very first, the Soviet Government has devoted particular attention to the theatre. In fact, I have often heard it said by literary men and painters of my acquaintance in Russia that artists connected with the stage receive specially favoured treatment, sometimes even at the expense of others. While I cannot wholly endorse this view, having come across plenty of actors in distress, I must say that there is not the slightest doubt that dramatic art is in the most flourishing condition of all. Even last summer, just before the harvest, at a time when the Moscow working man often had to go short of bread, he still had seventeen theatres to choose from (nine of them under the more or less direct control of the People's Commissary for Education), in addition to scores of concerts and miscellaneous shows given by local workers' clubs. And the *répertoires* offered an infinite variety—Sophocles, Lope de Vega, Schiller, Scribe, Byron, Jack London, della Grazia, Geijerstam, Molière, Tolstoi, Gorki, Gogol, Gudkov, Ostrovski, Taritch, Griboiev, Lunacharski, two political satires, and operas by Moussorgski, Tchaikovski, d'Albert, and Rimski-Korsakov—all these during one week in June, 1921.

This indicates fairly clearly the kind of function which it is intended the theatre shall perform under the present *régime*. A two-fold conception is apparent: first, that of the theatre's educative and civilising mission—on the whole a conservative tendency, which concentrates attention upon the masterpieces of the past, selecting however in preference those of social significance. This constitutes a formative influence which cannot fail to tell upon the Russian character. The second conception is that of the theatre as a political instrument. The problem play, which

* We are indebted to *Clarté* for permission to use this article and to Mr. Norman Thomas for translating it.

under the Soviet administration becomes the play of revolutionary and Communist propaganda, is as rife on the stage as propaganda posters in the streets, and ranges from the most rudimentary *ad hoc* productions played at factory or battalion entertainments to the big political revues at the Aquarium Theatre or the State Circus. All bear a family resemblance in their crude symbolism and disjointed action, in which the demands of dramatic construction are all too obviously overruled by the claims of propaganda. Some are regular melodramas, in which the revolutionary hero, after innumerable adventures and hairbreadth escapes, wins the hand of the lovely daughter of the *ci-devant* bourgeois. The traditional Christian or middle-class morality is, however, here replaced by a Communist morality. Like all problem plays, these dramas often tend to be dull and tedious, but they have the unique advantage of being acted by workers and soldiers before audiences of workers and soldiers, and this redeems and vivifies them, so that these humble pieces, mediocre and insignificant as they may seem, and dealing as they do with events drawn from the daily life and speech of that Revolution which lives and moves in every member of the audience, these skeletons of drama acquire and express something of the dignity of great dramatic art. For however varied the emotional reaction may be, there is no doubt that this type of play does create a most intimate link between actors and spectators, who are welded into one mind and one body by their joint labours, their common sufferings, and their like passions. The effect is prodigious, and this surely exemplifies a very ancient law of the æsthetics of the stage.

The big political revues and satires, on the other hand, in spite of their pretentious allegorical themes, hardly rise to such heights. For instance, while I was in Moscow a so-called Mystery-Farce, dealing with the triumph of the Social Revolution over a decadent world, was produced by Meyerhold, a pseudo-Reinhardt who has visions of creating a folk-theatre in accordance with his German colleague's recipe. The audience was very different from those in other theatres—a neo-bourgeoisie of officials, speculators, shopkeepers, attracted by the title, which seemed to promise a revival of the old atmosphere of the worst type of West End theatre. Beneath the garish, flickering lights of the

Model ($\frac{1}{2}$-inch scale) designed and built by Paul Nash, for Gordon Bottomley's Gruach (International Theatre Exhibition, Victoria and Albert Museum, June, 1922).

Setting by Sam Hume for Marlowe's
Dr. Faustus.

Setting by Katherine McEwen for The Constant Lover. by St. John Hankin.

Scene from Maurice Browne's production of The Trojan Women. Design by C. Raymond Johnson.

Circus, the heavy, inane humour and the creaking mechanism of the play, acted by a stock company of professionals, with a would-be "popular" technique, produced a dismal effect of utter boredom.

And yet, to judge by the triumphant success of the pageants that have been staged in the public squares in connection with anniversary festivities, this same play of Meyerhold's, produced in the open air before a revolutionary crowd, with several thousands taking part in the action, might well have been a complete success, in spite of the author. Such really popular "misteries" evidently indicate the line of advance towards a genuine folk-theatre.

On quite another plane are the productions of that fine artist Stanislavski, at whose art-theatre one can still see remarkable performances of Shakespeare, Tchekhov, Maeterlinck, etc., in the best modern tradition. Stanislavski, after having acted as foster-parent to the innovations of Craig and Reinhardt, is now doing his best to become acclimatised to the new social order. Since the Revolution his theatre has extended its operations, and nine additional branches have been formed, including a Jewish theatre and a school of opera, which is engaged in working out the application to opera of Stanislavski's technique of stylistic simplification of action and setting. Stanislavski complains of lack of public interest and support, and is afraid that his Seagull Theatre, once the Mecca of the theatrical world, may have to close its doors. But this veteran of stagecraft does not realise that he has quite lost touch with the new age, and that a revolutionary proletariat has no use for the subtleties of a Maeterlinck, an Andreiev, or a Strindberg. Stanislavski's theatre, like most of the State theatres, is a sort of Museum of Theatrical History. (Shakespeare, after all, is history; Molière, too, to a certain extent; and even Tchekhov depicts the manners of far-off Yesterday!) It is no longer an experimental laboratory.

More in tune with the times, and more interesting in the glimpses into the future which they afford, are the Proletcult organisations, which, after little more than a year's existence, are already showing results which are more than promising. These groups, almost entirely composed of manual workers, are in search of an art which shall be both social and proletarian in character, and are especially

drawn towards the theatre by the Russian love of rhythm and movement. They will have nothing to do with the kind of " people's plays " current in capitalist countries. Neither Sophocles nor Shakespeare, Molière nor Hauptmann, nor even Romain Rolland, seemed to them to express the ideas and ideals of this new, unique epoch. At first they tried to write their own plays, but found that, although in a few cases unexpected talent was discovered, the worker cannot become a dramatist overnight. Since then they have ransacked the literatures of all countries for themes and plots which would lend themselves to dramatisation, and have produced some strange medleys of symbolism in staging, action, plot, music, colour, dance, and lighting, the whole overflowing with vitality and kinetic energy. The spectator comes away from these performances half bewildered, dazzled, yet rejuvenated, and the creation of that spontaneous joy in actors and onlookers alike is certainly the finest result of these Proletcult plays.

Like all the arts in Russia, that of the theatre is passing through a critical stage of transition and apparent confusion, in which vestiges of almost all the artistic tendencies of the age which has just come to an end co-exist side by side with the rudiments of a new dispensation. Stanislavski believes that the theatre of to-morrow will be the work not of these " inspired workmen," as J. R. Bloch calls them, but of artists, and he is probably largely right, but such artists must first enter into and comprehend the soul of New Russia and the new faith of the nation, which rejects the hot-house art of a decadent age. For this, time is necessary, and the efforts of Lunacharski and other intellectuals who have attempted, but two short years after the political upheaval, to write the social drama of the new world are premature,

The proletarian culture will be a new birth, imbued with eternal beauty, not a reconstruction based on a " popularisation " of the old technique.

Theories and the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

THERE was a time toward the end of the war when the gentlemen who were conducting operations from Fleet Street rendered their newsbills at once cryptic and imperative by a series of initials with the letters "M.G." at their end. The letters stood for "Must Go" and were preceded by others indicating the celebrated generals and politicians whose doings were not acceptable to the newsmen thus in command. I almost headed this article "H. G.-B., M.C.," to embody both my gratitude and my criticism of Harley Granville-Barker's recent book on the theatre.* I refrained because my success in inviting lost leaders to return to the theatre arouses more indignation than the reverse attitude commonly accredited to youth; and I still have upon my writing table a lengthy letter from Gordon Craig in reply to my March article in this REVIEW. In that letter Mr. Craig says that I am insulting the "greatest Empire ever known" by the suggestion that he should recommence theatre work in an unendowed theatre when "the mighty Empire without hurry or fuss can give me the means to do as I wish." If the accusation of meanness towards the arts is an insult to the Empire, then I accept Mr. Craig's indictment, for only in the Lotus-lands of Rapallo could it be dreamed that public money will be forthcoming for such a worthy purpose. Need I tell Mr. Craig how much I should welcome any sign of repentance on the part of the Empire? My chief fault lies in my effort to bring Gordon Craig's schemes to earth, he tells me, and with a characteristically charming compliment to my poetry he draws an analogy between my Pegasus and his theatre. The compliment disarms criticism of the analogy, but the upshot of it all is that Mr. Craig endorses my statement of his terms for returning to the theatre, and remains on strike—writing books.

* *The Exemplary Theatre.* By Harley Granville-Barker. Chatto and Windus. 9s.

Then Granville-Barker.

Some of us who are young owe our passion for the theatre to some extent to the productions with which Granville-Barker again proved the theatre to be an art. To-day we find our playhouses filled with the banal, the uninspired; we seek in vain through the West End for a producer with courage and vision; artists and decorators, playwrights and actors, when they have any real genius for their art, find no leaders and are in many instances driven out of the theatre by a lack of the kind of work which they wish to do. That is why we need Granville-Barker. Truly of the making of books there is no end, and those of us who, being avowedly writers with only a sufficiency of practice to assist our critical judgments, have turned our pens to the championship of the work of theatre-artists and workers, are driven at last to writing books of theory about the theories.

His fascinating book reveals an attitude of mind towards the theatre so remote from current mentality on the subject as to defy contact. Sharing this characteristic with Craig's own literary work, it is nevertheless at the other pole. Craig's books have the emotional and personal values of lyric poetry—and are often written in a medium very little removed from that. Granville-Barker, Fabian and politician, treats the theatre as a phase of the State, and examines its fundamental problems and the experiments towards their solution in what might well be a Government Blue-book issued by a Royal Commission. It has the careful contents table and solemn side-notes to the pages. It has a tendency to footnotes which marks the type. It classifies, examines, and defines, and its prose style would have confused Pater and convinced Henry James of the error of his ways. These things admitted and accepted, it remains the most purely intellectual examination of the theatre of our time, and a knowledge of its contents should be constituted a test for aspirants to a place therein. With the theatre regarded as a moulding-place for adult intellect, wherein the development of the individual and society shall be fostered by a criticism of life and institutions which the drama offers, the author devotes the first chapter to a discussion between a Minister of Education and a Man of the Theatre, in which the former is (we hope) convinced

that it is his solemn duty as a statesman to accept the theatre as a department of the State. The holder of the portfolio expresses the average man's attitude to the institution as a post-prandial retiring-place where one's body can be at ease and one's mind and senses tittivated; and the author, disposing of this, is able to devote the rest of the book to his detailed examination of the theatre with an *a priori* assumption of its intelligence and serious purpose. Since there is an idea in almost every sentence, it is impossible to attempt a *résumé*. It need hardly be said that the ideas are extremely provocative, every third sentence might form the subject-matter of a debate. The preface alone, apart from relating some of the history of the Shakespeare Memorial Scheme, projects an interesting theory that the art of the theatre cannot achieve perfection on a foreign drama, since the acting upon which so much depends in Mr. Barker's view, must be native. It is noteworthy that in the chapter, "The Production of a Play," the idea (and even the prose) clarifies, so that we lose our picture of the author as a light in the Fabian Society and see him in his real place—in the theatre.

Thus to return to my thesis: In the present parlous state of theatrical art we need the proven workers to be giving their best. Those of us who have made theory and research our vocation know that the theatre is not ideal; that its economics, its æsthetics, everything, is wrong.

It has been the policy of THEATRE-CRAFT to combat these evils, to attempt in its sphere of influence to develop an audience critically intelligent and appreciative, to introduce the work of those people at home and abroad who are treating the art of the theatre seriously. Not one of these can be spared from the practice of that art, even to achieve the task of theorising. If there is not room in the commercial theatre, and until that Minister of Education is in fact convinced, a new institution must be fostered which will give the artists opportunity. It will not matter at the start whether the theatre is small or of standing; if the work is right and the workers are right, these things will be added.

The Dutch Dramatists

By Jo van Ammers Kuller

It seems to have struck the foreign visitors to the Amsterdam Theatre Exhibition as strange that, in spite of the numerous plays produced at the theatres in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or The Hague, hardly any of them should be the work of Dutch dramatists. Hermon Ould remarked in the March number of The English Review that, with the exception of Vondel, the Dutch stage apparently relies mainly for production upon the work of foreign authors. He probably draws this conclusion because of the performances of *Gysbrecht Van Amstel* at the Stadsschouwburg (chief playhouse) in Amsterdam, an event which occurs at the beginning of every year, as regularly as the re-painting of the bridges, or the lopping of the trees that border our beautiful old canals. But except for this performance on New Year's Day, when it is "smart" to be seen at this function, the ordinary playgoer shows remarkably little interest in the works of Vondel; indeed, it must be confessed that the interest taken in Vondel by the Dutch people in general is of an exceedingly trifling nature. We were taught at school that he sold stockings, and that he is our greatest national poet. We are acquainted with the titles of many of his dramatic works, and perhaps their volumes, in beautiful bindings, may decorate our bookshelves; but when his plays are produced (the theatre in Rotterdam evidenced of this when his *Jephta* was given) we carefully save our money for some other purpose.

A Dutchman of only mediocre education understands and reads in, besides his own language, English, French, and German, and, as a consequence of this, is fairly well acquainted with the customs and spiritual current of thought in countries where these languages are spoken. This may perhaps account for the fact that during several decades the Dutch playgoer has been quite satisfied with a *répertoire* made up almost exclusively of the works of

foreign playwrights. Before Holland was included in the Berne Convention foreign plays could be performed here without the payment of author's rights, therefore theatrical managers naturally only selected those plays for production which they knew had already drawn crowded houses, or had been of great financial profit in London, Paris, or Berlin, the Dutch players being so accustomed to the appearance of their own actors in French divorce dramas, German provincial or English society plays, and so many of these actors had attained to such perfection in these foreign productions, that the existence of their own national theatre seemed rather superfluous.

A remarkable example of the indifference of the Dutch playgoer towards a work of purely national origin is the fact that after the bad reception by Press and playgoers of the first play of the now famous dramatist Heyermans, whose *Ghetto* and *Op Hoop van Zegen* have also been produced in England, the success of his second work in his native country should be assured by giving a representation of it first, in translation, upon the Russian stage.

The Dutch playwright's only chance of success was when he had already gained some reputation as a novelist or critic. Besides the plays of Heyermans, repeated performances have been given of the dramas of Marcellus Emants, the clever but gloomy psychologist, and also of those of Josine Simons Mees, the first woman to make a name for herself as a playwright in Holland. Strange though it may appear, the war has had a beneficial influence upon the fortunes of the original works of the Dutch stage. Not only was the source from which the managers were accustomed to draw their supplies sensibly diminished, but many of those plays that did emerge were "War Plays," dyed with a deep national tinge, and consequently of no interest to a foreign nation. But, above all, communication with other countries being practically stopped, our managers, who were in the habit of visiting London, Paris, or Berlin at least twice a year, in order to make their choice from among the overflowing abundance of dramatic material, found themselves suddenly thrown back upon the resources of their own country and upon the hitherto neglected Dutch playwright.

In 1916 a young, talented, and energetic actor, Cor

van der Lugt Melsert, gathered together a new company, broke gloriously away from the old, evil tradition, and produced during the first year of his management ten plays by Dutch authors. Nearly all these pieces achieved great success. Several survived more than a hundred performances. The Dutch play had at one stroke justified its existence, for playgoers recognised with surprise how entertaining and instructive it was to witness Dutch characters, Dutch problems, and Dutch thought upon the stage, and to observe how infinitely more intimate were these works than those of foreign origin, with which they had been satisfied during so many years.

Of Dutch dramatic authors, Herman Heyermans is unquestionably the most eminent. Plays of his are given year by year and performed almost nightly, which in a small country like ours, with a very limited playgoing public, may be considered as almost miraculous.

Mr. C. P. van Rossem has made a great reputation with such delicate, witty farces as *Phyllis*, *Femina*, and *Pomarius*. *Femina* is played in many German theatres (I believe it has also been given upon the English and American stages). The only fault with which we might venture to reproach this clever playwright is that, although his characters talk Dutch, they are not truly Dutch persons.

Frederick van Eden, whose historical drama in verse, *De Heks van Haarlem* ("The Witch of Harlem"), was produced by William Royaards, with fine old Dutch scenery, displays in his other works, for instance *Ysbrand*, the mystical tendency also characteristic of his tales.

Associated with his name are those of the writer of farces, Roelvink, of Jan van Epen, the author of interesting society problems, of Henri Dekking and of Felix Rutten, who evolved out of the old legend, *Beatrys*, a beautiful and enthralling drama, besides a long series of others whose names during the last few years have been freely advertised upon our theatrical hoardings.

The above-mentioned Josine Simons Mees, with her works, *De Veroveraar* ("The Conqueror"), *Kasbloem* ("Cash Flower"), *Een Paladyn* ("A Paladin"), has amply demonstrated her great Ibsen-allied talent. Much of her still unperformed work is really too delicate, too deep, too restrained, and insufficiently dramatic in the ordinary

sense of the word to hold the attention of the playgoing public of the day in the long run. A remarkable figure is Betsy Ranucie-Beckman, a playwright who is at the same time an actress, and who has depicted in her plays *Monsieur le Directeur*, and particularly in *Dat wat je niet hebt* (" What One Does Not Possess ") the joys and sorrows of theatrical life; while Mevrouw Yssel de Schepper Becker, also well known as a novelist, has given us a biting satire upon the modern woman in her *Het Laatste Stadium*.

The writer of this article may also claim her share of success with *Roeping* (" Vocation "), *Myn en Dyn* (" Mine and Thine "), and *De Spaak in het Wiel* (" The Spoke in the Wheel "), of which the first is at present being performed by a theatrical company in Germany, and the last is being translated into English.

Too much work has been performed and has been brought too suddenly into the full glare of publicity. Much delicate, sensitive characterisation, many enthralling scenes of witty situations have been spoilt on account of faulty construction, and, above all, of late there has been no dramatist, if we except Heyermans and Ph. Laudry, with his Biblical drama, *De Paradys Vloek* (" The Curse of Heaven "), possessed of the imagery, the bold winged stroke, that in many cases has raised the commonplace towards the region of greatness.

The playgoers became indifferent, the critics irritable, and the writers discouraged. Above all, the mediocre talent of our theatrical companies (we have too many, and not one of sufficient power) does not encourage the author to embark upon a new craft, and the present slump in business has destroyed for the moment all *élan* and initiative.

This season, in which the Theatre Exhibition in Amsterdam is such a striking example of the interest taken in theatrical architecture and decorative art, is, as far as plays are concerned, the worst for many years.

But with our famous Jan Reterszons-Coen we have learned to cry *Nil desperandum*, and I am convinced the Dutch dramatists will not allow themselves in future to be forced from the position attained after so much difficulty.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Delilah unto Samson

By Robert Briffault

DEAR old Sun-god,—

Four thousand years have I held my peace—which, in a woman, can only proceed from stupidity. But when, as the other day, I see you at your old game of pulling down the temples of the Philistines—on to your own head; looking so consummately absurd while didactically perorating on the New Morality, or what not, amid a crush of gushing dowagers and advanced flappers—well, "*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*," as Nellie Melba used to make me warble. I shook with laughter, and I bit my lip, and I felt a suspicion perhaps of the old all-overishness, all mixed up together, if you understand what I mean; and, bored stiff as I am, even my stupidity was set thinking. And so—— You don't mind, do you? And your wife, I'm sure, won't. Besides, the affair is a bit old. And we have changed, and the world has changed with us. We have changed the world, we immortals; you, beaming Sun-god, or Sun-child, or whatever else Professor Jastrow says you are; and I, *Das Ewige*, who renew my youth each morning at my toilet table, and once a week at Madame Pomeroy's, and with it the youth of the world; the old world, which but for me would have frozen long since to lunar ice-craters. I was much amused, by the way, at some fellow of your persuasion trying to make out, in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, or somewhere, that intellect rules the world. What about me? Who rules intellect, I should like to know?

The fact is, Sun-god dear, that I have not been treated fairly; I have been treated most abominably unfairly. For centuries have I had abuse heaped upon me; I have been insulted, called horrid names; all, forsooth, because I induced you to get your hair cut! God knows you needed it! This world would be insufferable if its prigs and pedants were not occasionally reminded of their duties

towards the hairdresser. And on the score of that beneficent pruning you have been martyred, tragedied, patted, petted, poor-dear'd. Did'ums? Has his hyacinthine halo been snipped, his promising career nipped, his god-like strength sapped? Have his heart-strings been snapped by the Strange Woman? And you, you have stood demurely by while they have flung their moral and ethical Billingsgate at me. Your conscience has not given one worthy kick; you haven't had the spirit, you haven't had the manliness to utter a word.

I am good-natured; but it is, you must admit, enough to enrage a mutton. Who made you? Who lit those fiery beams that warm the chill heart of humanity with illusions? Who breathed a glowing soul into your finished and finite clod? Who but I? The radiance that casts over a grey and drab world its film of many-coloured glory; your portentous prophetic self-complacency that dares you to judge, and to believe in yourself when no one else does; that mighty strength, Samson, that has enabled you to work miracles with the jaw of an ass; all of power and creative force that is in you, all that you have wrought in the faith of hope and gladness are but the reflection of my immortal glow. Not a thing have you ever achieved save at my evocation. Why, you would have even lost the war but for me; I had to relax my virtue to make you fight. And they have set up no memorial to the women who fell during the Great War! Every sacred fire have I tended; for which Vestal offices I have been dubbed the Strange Woman.

"Strange" I am indeed, you snivelling little moral Jew god. No Bint-Israel, but Grecian, nay, better, Kretan. Our Philistia is of Krete, the mother of the glory of Greece, of all that has made this Europe, which you have tried your best to make a hell of, worth living in; this Europa, princess of Krete like myself, destined, like her father Phœnix, ever to rise anew out of her ashes. It was my own sister Ariadne who led the footsteps of the first good European, who brought immortal Helen to Athens, along the labyrinthine path of his first exurgence; and who, in Naxos, married Dionysos, and set his violet crown in the Ionian heavens. No daughter of Israel am I. They called me Dê-Lilah in Kretan Philistia, but Dê-Meter in

Krete. And over her dark fields I, with Iasion, performed the rites of fertility, and brought forth the golden Hellenic harvests; I, the Great Unwed Mother, whose progeny is not of the flesh, but of the spirit, who have stirred to life all that is yet aglow in your mismade, man-made world, and redeems it from the scrap-heap; your art, your intellect, your ideals.

Has not your Dr. Freud diagnosed it all as "sublimated concupiscence?" It's a beastly way of putting it. Concu . . . , I don't like writing the word, is that not rather the debased and degraded abortion of the Life-force, the diseased and stigmatised degeneracy of the eternal urge that has brought all things precious to birth, the Life-force that moves "*il sole e l'altre stelle*"? The "substantia," as the Jew Baruch de Espinosa would have said. No, Herr Doktor, the creative force and redeeming salt of life are not sublimated dirt; it is, on the contrary, your dirt that is flouted and degraded sublimity. Primitive humanity knows neither dirt nor morals; it knows only the Life-force, dreaded maybe, and hedged with the fatal germ of superstitious tabus, but not reviled or debased. It is you and the like of you, inventor of morality, that have dragged down the Life-force into the mire, and stamped it with the stigmata of degeneracy. For your filth and your obscenity are but the inevitable counterparts of your morality and your pudicity. To the pure all things are impure. Natural man and natural woman are neither. "Concupiscence," be pleased to note, Herr Doktor, has only made its appearance in the world side by side with Puritanism, and putrefied to a loathsome internal malady in exact proportion as you have laid down your tabus, instituted your purity, clothed, shrouded, hidden, hushed, silenced, stifled, smothered. You have veiled the impurity of my body; and I have converted those veils into extremely expensive and impure Nessus gowns wherewith to corrupt and inflame your blood.

Your Hebraised, Gothic arts, romantic, poetic, pictorial, are athrill with troubled and uneasy rut; and your music is positively pornographic. My Greeks were not concerned, as you are, with sex, for the Hebrew tabus weighed lightly, if at all, upon them. Hence the Life-force coursed evenly and musically in their veins, uninfuriated by Puritanism.

They were impure and clean. And you wonder at their Olympian composure, and that they wrought great art without sex-interest. Of course, they didn't really. Theirs was, like all art, born of Eros and Aphrodite; but by a natural genesis of the unsullied Life-force, untortured and undeformed by the strangle-bands of sin.

Primitive woman was a mother and a worker, and the foundress of human society, whose germ was the mother's brood, not the sexual pair. She was killed by private property and the agricultural revolution, which rendered her economically destitute—but for her sex. And her place was taken by two women, the breeder of heirs to private property, and me—the Companion, the Hetaira, who, in Greece, was honoured above the wife. "We have hetairai for the delight of our souls; wives to breed our heirs and keep our house," said the Greek. (See Demosthenes, *contra Neaeram*, and Athenaios, xiii, *passim*.) Oh! you needn't sneer; I have been to Girton. But I knew my classics even better when, as Leontion, I dwelt in the gardens of Epikuros; when I was the intellectual companion of Plato, Archaianassa; when I was Herpyllis, the hetaira of Aristotle, and Aspasia, the inspirer of Sokrates and of Perikles; and when at Eleusis, Phryne impersonated the Great Mother in my Mysteries; and the sages and the artists drew their creative power from Aphrodite Hetaira, even as Praxiteles modelled from the Thespian's form the Knidian Queen of Heaven.

In your Puritanical frenzy you abolished the hetaira, or tried to, and sought to substitute for her the Greek cook and housewife and breeder of legal heirs, asking her to take over the functions and duties of the disbanded hetaira in addition to her own. As if a legal cook could be a hetaira! Oh, you ass! What you really did by your ingenious retrenchment was to create the street-walker. Can you wonder that your dirt and sordid squalor stand in need of "sublimation"? Not the Life-force needs sublimation, but your Puritanism and putrefaction.

And yet you, too, Shams, hymner of moralities and glorifier of tabus, have, no less than the Children of Light in Hellas, kindled your misguided frenzies at my sacred fires. That form of art which is called religion is, like all art, sublimated—ask Dr. Freud and Havelock Ellis. Your

Puritanical ardour was lit at my Philistian altars. When you crept out of your desert and stood aghast before the Strange Woman it was my Pentecost of fire that made you a prophet. Your hypocritical morality is the homage which virtue pays to me. And you know it, you who so deeply dread me. You believe and tremble—as you did when, girt in your wild ass's skin, you came up from your fane of Beth-Shamash in Dan to Sorek of the purple vines; and I stood before you arrayed in the eburnean splendour of my well-groomed and depilated nudity. And, steeped in the perfumes of Gaza, you withdrew to Hebron and inveighed against the abominations of the Gentile, which you cast from you. But it was from my refining fires that your uncouth, barbaric grossness issued transmuted to fairer form, Samson the Nazarite, and your dark gods of vengeance learnt a new and gentler mood. The exorcisms, the anathemas, the imprecations which your Jeromes and Tertullians have pronounced upon me blend with the *Chorus Mysticus* that has gone up from the dawn of humanity to the Queen of Heaven. In vain did they, by a grammatical confusion, change the sex of Hagia Sophia, and banish the Great Mother from their reduced Pantheon. The Queen of Heaven and of Earth, Ishtar-Delilah, the Unwed Parthenos, was restored to her throne of fiery stars by Catholic paganism—*gratia plena.*

There, Shams, dear; I did but mean to suggest a little less morality and a little more decency in your attitude towards me. I have let off a whiff of pent steam—but you know that a woman does not mean all she says. Therein lies her wisdom. Your male brain takes itself too seriously. You forget that your most prophetic vision is, after all, but a point of view. I have but given you one; no Sibyl can do more. Get your hair cut, Shams. That long-haired solemnity of yours was ever your vice. What prevents me from being wholly convinced of the plenary inspiration of your Bible is that there is not a joke in it, not one redeeming flash of fun. Our Greek gods rocked with laughter. The more divine they. And those true creators feared me not, but were borne upwards by the Eternal Life-force.

DELILAH.

P.S.—I fancy I shall be dining alone at Claridge's on Thursday.

The Great Drug Delusion

By a New York Specialist

Professor Freud and M. Emile Coué have both pointed out, in similar language, despite their different techniques, the same fact about the identity of fear and fascination. It is a commonplace in the daily observation of the practising psychologist. As soon as an obstacle is realised as such, we make frantic efforts to avoid it, with the result that we bump into it. Psychical impotence is in the experience of most men; it is the same thing in terms of another problem.

Now the present craze for taking "habit-forming drugs" (so-called) and the suggested remedies, are closely bound up with this curious phenomenon. The will behaves like a mule, and the imagination like a bird in the presence of a serpent.

In the spring of 1914 I had occasion to study the effects of cocaine. As it happened, I had access to all the "fast" or "Bohemian" sets in London. I went through them with a tooth-comb; and in three months managed to discover two girls who were indulging in that drug to a deleterious extent. To-day, one might almost say that no tea-party is complete without it.

My investigations were cut short by the war; I was obliged to return to the United States. I had therefore no opportunity of observing the cause of the change. My English colleagues, however, attribute the present situation to two main factors: (*a*) the widespread outbreak of psychoses and neuroses due to public anxiety and stress, and the consequent demand for something which would dull the nerves; (*b*) the D.O.R.A. restrictions on the sale of liquor. I agree that both these factors were potent; they square with our own experience in America. There drug-habits have been common for many years; for the people of the United States are naturally afflicted with the nervous diathesis. This is due partly to the climate,

which is electrically charged in a way which Europeans cannot possibly understand until they have tried it, and partly to the fact that education is so widespread that the people demand art, literature, and music, which things are denied to them by the benevolence of the spiritual heirs of Cotton Mather. No other hypothesis even attempts to explain the Yellow Press, the dancing manias, the crazed search for amusement—and the resort to the waters of Lethe, beginning with cocktails and ending with cocaine.

But prohibition, ineffective as it is, has intensified the demand for drugs; and I am therefore ready to believe that war-time restrictions on the sale of liquor produced a parallel result in England. I note in passing that the prohibition of absinthe in France has resulted in the manufacture of substitutes, some of which will actually eat their way through a marble table.

There is, however, a third factor to be considered; and, without going over frankly to the theories of Nancy, the Salpétrière, Vienna, and Zurich, it may well be that it is the most important of all. This factor is the nauseating form of publicity given by the newspapers—some even of those which should know better—to the matter. Indulgence in drugs is described with an unholy leer; it is connected lewdly with sexual aberrations; and the reprobation with which the writers smear their nastiness is obviously hypocrisy of the most oily and venal type. The object is to sell the paper by making people's flesh creep, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*.

Now there is in such articles—which began, I regret to say, with a not uninteresting novel called *Felix*, by Mr. Robert Hichens—what Baudouin calls a pernicious suggestion. The reader is invited to gloat on the forbidden fruit. But even worse, from this point of view, is the unanimous assertion that once anybody starts to take a "drug" he cannot possibly stop of his own free will, and is only to be rescued at the cost of unutterable torments. Medical treatises on the subject, with no exception so far as I know, perpetuate this wicked libel on the divine prerogative of man to do what he wills, and, when he wills, to stop doing. Writers of fiction follow the evil precedent. The exception to this rule is *The Hasheesh-Eater*, by

H. G. Ludlow, in which the author (who lived on the Hudson near Poughkeepsie) describes his addiction to that drug, and his cure by his unaided determination.

Such cases are, however, common enough; but the strong-minded never reach the clinic of the physician, and are consequently ignored by him.

There are, in fact, three main classes of men and women.

1. Afraid to experiment with anything, lest——.
2. Enslaved by anything that appeals to them.
3. Able to use anything without damaging themselves.

I hesitate to admit either of the two former classes to the title of Freeman. Since the year 1898 I have been principally occupied in studying the effects of various drugs upon the human organism, with special reference to the parallelisms between the psychical phenomena of drug-neuroses, insanities, and mystical illuminations. The main object has been to see whether it is possible to produce the indubitably useful (see William James, *Varieties of Religious Experience*) results of " ecstasy " in the laboratory. In pursuit of this laudable aim, I attempted to produce a " drug-habit " in myself. In vain. My wife literally nagged me about it: " Don't go out without your cocaine, sweetheart! " or " Did you remember to take your heroin before lunch, big boy? " I reached the stage where one takes a sniff of cocaine every five minutes or so all day long; but though I obtained definitely toxic results, I was always able to abandon the drug without a pang. These experiments simply confirmed the conclusion which I had already adopted, provisionally, on theoretical grounds: that busy people, interested in life and in their work, simply cannot find the time to keep on with a drug. As Baudelaire says: A perfect debauch requires perfect leisure. A prominent newspaper correspondent of my acquaintance had actually reached a stage where the privation of opium was torture to him. The stress of the war threw additional work on him; but instead of accentuating his need, it made it impossible for him to find the time to smoke. " Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do " is sound psychology. A colleague of my own, who participated in my experiments, found himself on several occasions " in the clutches of the drug-fiend." But those occasions were all characterised by one fact: he was, for external reasons,

at a deadlock with his work. He had nothing to do but to think about the drug, and his mind was flooded with "pernicious suggestions" that he could not stop it. Every trifling malaise was unhesitatingly attributed either to the effects of the drug or those of trying to stop it! Just so the young man who was reading *Middlemarch* fell downstairs and broke his leg—and blamed the law of gravity instead of George Eliot!

It is not contended here that the physiological theory of "toleration" is untrue. No doubt the nerves do, more or less, "shriek for their accustomed stimulus," as the foolish physician usually tells his victim—apparently with the hope of removing any traces of self-confidence or will-power that he may possess. But, within limits, an average brave and resolute man can arrange the details of his "cure," and carry them out with success. The nerves, too, can be fooled to some extent. A member of the Himalayan Expedition of 1902 has put it on record that when he was starved in respect of his sugar-ration he suffered the most intolerable tortures. The body agreed with him so far as to furnish almost continuous spasms of nausea and diarrhœa. But on sweetening his tea with saccharine, the symptoms almost completely disappeared: the "suggestion" of sugar, although he knew it was only a suggestion, sufficed to delude his physiological "Chorus of Troezenian Women."

Now if there be one thing certain in this complex world it is this: that moral maladies require moral therapeutics. The present system of "pernicious suggestion," backed by prohibition, which insults the free will and dignity of mankind, which offers princely opportunities to illicit traffic and blackmail, makes the situation worse every month.

In Harlem, a district of New York corresponding roughly to a combination of Bayswater and Brixton, there are, by police statistics, over 17,000 school children addicted to heroin. In this particular case the cause is simple enough. An enterprising firm of doubtless God-fearing chemical manufacturers sent out agents to distribute the drug gratis to the children. Having established the "habit," the agents next demanded an ever-increasing price, and when they had extracted the last mil from the tortured innocents, told them to steal, rob, and murder in

order to get the "mazuma" for the "dope." (The "addict" is notoriously fertile in expedients for obtaining supplies of his drug.) Abominations of this sort are only possible when the course of nature is violently diverted by pious Puritans and profiteering policemen. Nobody troubled about heroin when it was almost as easy and as cheap to buy as butter. To-day, despite repressive legislation, there is an international industry making its many thousands per cent. on an enormous turnover, and occasionally throwing some peddling Jonah overboard when some brainless dancing girl happens to kill herself. What better could she do? And the police want "additional powers." Of course they do. They envy the Beckers of New York, the arbitrary irresponsible gangs of uniformed grafters, in league with every form of criminal, from the white slaver to the gambler and the gunman. If the people of England want to see their cities in the hands of petty tyranny patting the paunch of corruption, well and good, "strengthen the Act!" *

There has been so much delirious nonsense written about drugs that sane men may well despair of seeing the light.

But it ought to be obvious that if England reverted to pre-war conditions, when any responsible person (by signing his name in a book) could buy drugs at a fair profit on cost price, cocaine (say) at 16*s.* and heroin at 20*s.* the bottle of 10 grammes—instead of as many pounds—the whole underground traffic would disappear like a bad dream.

It is possible, perhaps even probable, that for a month or two there would be an increase in the number of fools who killed themselves in their folly, though personally I doubt it. But I have no shame in saying that, after a war in which we sent our sturdiest sons as sheep to the slaughter, we should not miss a few score wasters too stupid to know when to stop. Besides this, we see, on the one hand, that the people who want the drugs manage to get them in one way or another, at the cost of time, trouble, and money which might be used more wisely, and on the other that

* [Our distinguished contributor may be pardoned for seeing our country through alien eyes. It is needless to say that the suggestion here made by him about the Metropolitan Police—certain ugly rumours with regard to the toleration of certain notorious establishments notwithstanding—is the wildest nonsense.—Ed.]

the infernal suggestions of the Press, and the vile venality of the villains attracted to the traffic by the immense profits, are deliberately creating new addicts every day of people who in the normal course of affairs would no more think of indulging in narcotics than a cat in a cold bath.

So much for the purely practical points of the position; but, deeper still, let me say as a Jeffersonian democrat, that I dread beyond all else the growth of the petty tyranny of restrictive legislation, the transference of disciplinary authority from the judiciary to the constabulary, the abandonment of every constitutional safeguard of individual liberty, the division of the people into the hunters and the hunted, the exaltation of the spy, the *agent provocateur*, and the blackmailer, the open adoption of the policy of sitting on the safety-valve, and the degradation of citizenship by applying physical repression to the evils whose only redress lies in moral development!

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the author's private clinic, patients are not treated for their "habit" at all. They are subjected to a process of moral reconstruction; as soon as this is accomplished, the drug is automatically forgotten. Cures of this sort are naturally permanent, whereas the possible suppression of the drug fails to remove the original causes of the habit, so that relapse is the rule.

The Future of Empire and of England

By Frederic Harrison

I AM now a retired hermit living far apart from politics—a mere ghost from the Victorian age. I cannot say a word on the party problems of the hour. But I have stood for Liberal principles ever since Mr. Gladstone's first Budget in 1852, which I carefully studied at Oxford. I am a Liberal of seventy years' standing. All my life I have been a Liberal Independent. I don't know if that is the same thing as an Independent Liberal. (A horse-chestnut is not a chestnut horse!) In my day we knew nothing of that as a label—which they tell me is the right ticket to-day.

Now I will touch on two or three matters of Imperial and general interest. The first of these is the international deadlock, the resettlement of Europe, and the relations of those who won and those who lost the war. It too often looks as if they had changed places.

All my life I have been an unflinching believer in union with France. Nearly sixty years ago I wrote this: that the "only possible solution of European difficulties was an alliance between our two nations to secure peace and order in Europe." I am the oldest—I think the most persistent—of those who have called for union with France in the cause of civilisation. I even asked for more than an Entente—I would say, reasonable co-operation. But to-day even an Entente is a task of unparalleled complexity. Each step in policy has its own difficulties and dangers. It is a choice of alternatives—all of almost equal menace and of evil.

To break with France would expose Europe to a Babel of national rivalries, and open all the new frontiers of Eastern Europe. Yet to join her in a desperate attempt to crush Germany, and to wring from her impossible exac-

tions, would be to renew this hideous war. Whatever happens, that we cannot do. Neither Parliament nor our people would suffer any Minister to pledge our country to such a crime. It is now more than two years ago that I wrote—before I had studied Mr. Keynes's book and all the various books and documents on the Treaty—" With bankruptcy, war, and revolution hanging over Europe, Britain must declare that we will be no party to exact the full measure of the Treaty—so-called—' of Peace '! " That, I said, would be " impossible, ruinous, suicidal." We must revise the Treaty or " chaos awaits us at home and abroad." I wrote this more than two years ago. I say so now. But it is a most parlous undertaking. To break with France would reopen the attempt at the settlement of Europe. To go with her further into Germany would be more war. It is a cruel dilemma we have to face.

The time has come when Britain can no longer continue an alliance of unreal unanimity. France and England have different objects in view. And we must make this clear to our friends and to the world. We cannot dishonour our signature at Versailles; but we can, and we must, insist on some modifications. At the end of the Napoleonic war we refused to be dragged into further steps to crush our defeated enemy. We must do so again now. It has to be done with extreme care—not to drive France to desperation, not to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, on which so many provisional settlements depend. It must be done even by strengthening the Entente—at least a good will to stand by France. We should renounce payment of the huge debt France owes us. We must stand by her in all practical means to exact payment of Reparations—short of a new war. We should offer France not an express military alliance—that is impossible—no Minister, no Parliament could pledge our people to that. We could assure France of our aid if again invaded by the Germans as in 1914. We know all that France has suffered, all that she needs. She shall have all that we can give. We will not follow her into economic ruin and war. And if France were mad enough to seize the Ruhr, or advance further into Germany, we should withdraw our own army from the Rhine. I doubt if the cause of peace in Europe is furthered by our troops still remaining there, at a heavy

cost to our burdens, from which we do not, and never shall, get anything back.

I turn to the problems of our so-called Empire; I say so-called Empire because it is no longer an Empire in the old sense, *i.e.*, a vast consolidated Dominion. Its enormous extent and dispersion over the planet, its incalculable varieties of race, religion, and civilisation, make real cohesion impossible in a voluntary, free spirit. And time, war, and democracy have made impossible for us such military domination as once held together the Empires of Rome, of Spain, of Austria. Our Empire now is, in an exaggerated form, what once were the transmarine Empires of Athens, or of Venice, or of Holland: and we know how provisional these were. What we have now is a Confederation of Commonwealths. I wish to see the very name of Empire and Emperor renounced. Within my own memory and in late years we have seen six great Empires dissolved. Alone in the civilised world the British Empire survives. But if Empire, in the sense of a military dominion, is obsolete, our task is to draw more close together the union of the United Commonwealth of kindred peoples.

No sudden or violent dissolution of Empire is thinkable. The vast change has to be carried out with extreme caution and by gradual steps. All my life I have been wont to look to the future, to think of the inevitable changes in the evolution of our country. A momentous change is upon us now. We must draw more closely the links between the Commonwealth of kindred peoples. I have no faith in a permanent union with us of any Asiatic people. Even in the Mutiny year of 1857, as stated in my *Memoirs* of 1911, I declared myself anti-Imperialist. I saw that our domination of India could not, and ought not to, be treated as indefinite and permanent. I see to-day its inevitable relaxation. And when it has become no longer possible, I foresee with it the inevitable withdrawal from our adventures in China, in Mesopotamia, in Syria, in Palestine, in Egypt. England will only live its own life, as it did in the days of Elizabeth, when these intolerable burdens are off our backs.

The only conceivable federation is the free co-operation of kindred peoples with common ideals of civilisation and progress. Military domination of those who do not share

our race, or our religion, or our ideals is for ever ended. The Great War, the new Europe, the birth of free peoples proclaim this truth. The tremendous task of our statesmen to-day is to prepare for the gradual change from an obsolete Imperialism to a free union of Commonwealths having a common civilisation. But the union must be spontaneous, without any fixed artificial constitution. The prevalent idea of framing a new settled constitution for the commonwealths of British race is perfectly futile. Their union must be one of hearts, of common interests, of the same ideals. Their very different conditions, geographical and industrial, their incessant development and growth, would make any fixed constitution unworkable and mischievous. Schemes for some kind of Imperial Parliament, for a joint Cabinet, for a strict defensive system by sea and land to be planned by strategists are idle dreams. Canada *knows* that it needs no defence from us: it has only to keep on good terms with America. South Africa *thinks* it needs none; and perhaps it is right. New Zealand trusts in itself. But Australia is in a different case. It is incapable of being defended by its quite inadequate population—nay, even in the long run by distant Britain—in a not very remote future. The British dominion of the seas is over. Washington settled that, and we have to accept it. The enormous size and distance of the Australian continent, its proximity to a very possible Asiatic Power of the first class, make its permanent defence impossible even for us.

It is an urgent problem for Australia and for Britain. A continent more than equal in size to the U.S.A., having a population far less than London, cannot possibly defend itself if it were attacked by a Great Power in Asia. It is a vast, empty land, open to the incalculable millions to the north of it—held back by nothing but the British Navy, or, rather, by its ancient prestige and the grand idea of Empire. Schemes for emigration from Britain are hopelessly inadequate. Australia could contain, and employ, a population ten times greater than it has. And at present rates of immigration from Britain, even to double its population would take one or two generations. In the meantime Northern Asia is boiling over with vast populations eager to find land and ready to fight. Britons do not want to go out to farm in a wilderness. England wants its farmers

at home. Australian Labour will not have more labour brought in, for already it has a great burden of non-employed. Queensland alone has an area five and a half times that of the United Kingdom, and a population less than that of the county of Surrey. White men cannot live and work in its vast tropical and sub-tropical wilderness in the north. Coloured men can live and work in it, and did work till white labour drove them out. With them it could supply the world with cotton, sugar, oil, fruit, cocoa, and infinite products. But dominant white labour keeps this huge territory empty and useless to mankind. I know the very specious grounds for the cry of a "pure white Australia." But I say deliberately that to carry it to this extreme is folly—and inhuman folly. It is impossible, immoral, suicidal. It defies common sense, Nature, and Humanity. It displays Labour, pride of race, democracy, in its worst aspect. They tell us not to interfere. It is sheer impudence to say that this is no business of ours. Why, Australia could not exist for a year to-day were it not for the British Fleet, or, rather, the now waning tradition of the British Empire.

I cannot close without a word about the future of Labour—with the interests and progress of which I have worked now for sixty years. No man living has preached more earnestly the demand for reduced hours, more regular employment, better means of culture, and a higher standard of life for all forms of work. In my days trade-unions were societies to improve the conditions of labour. I am still a member of two great amalgamated societies. I do not see that they have gained much by converting, by sacrificing, their vast resources to political and international agitation. The real problem is to find how Britain can live with its peculiar, anomalous conditions—an island that can hardly grow one-third of its food, enormously over-populated, and only able to buy food by selling its products abroad. The whole of Europe is so broken down by war that it cannot buy our high-priced goods, yet it can produce goods at a far lower rate. Our Dominions, and even America, are suffering the same loss of markets, the same non-employment. The dilemma is this. However blessed is the better standard of living which British Labour has won, yet, since Europe and the East accept a far lower

standard of living, they out-bid us in the market: our trade is paralysed and employment dries up. They cannot pay our prices; they produce at far lower prices. Capitalists cannot go on paying for work which no one can buy. And assuredly the State could not by still heavier taxation.

Until trade is restored all over the world our position is perilous indeed. Britain is threatened, not only with prolonged unemployment, but with a real puzzle how to feed our vast, now idle population. We cannot grow our own food, and the world will not buy our work—at the price of the increased cost of work. Nothing can relieve us from this peril but the restoration of our foreign trade; and I see no probability of an early recovery, or of ultimate recovery to anything like our pre-war trade, especially in the disappearance of our maritime supremacy, in the deep disorder of the United Kingdom, in the obstinate sedition so rife in India, in Palestine, in Egypt, in the weakened stability of our Imperial dominion. Let us occupy our energies no longer over the party rivalries of the hour. Far bigger and darker questions confront us. How some fifty millions (as they soon will be) are to be supported in our small island without the gigantic world-wide trade our geographical position and our special resources have enabled us to enjoy for a century, seems to me the most awful problem that has ever been presented to a nation. I am too old to witness even the approach of such a catastrophe, or to suggest any means of meeting it. All that I can do, as the last word I may ever offer to the public, is to warn my fellow-citizens that their task is to look forward and strive to avert its consequences to our glorious and beloved fatherland.

The Golden Future

By Lord Beaverbrook

The following striking remarks were made by Lord Beaverbrook at the Reading Chamber of Commerce, May 16th.—Ed.

My standpoint is that of optimism. It has been so for many weeks past, and now the event is beginning to convince even the calamity-howlers.

A gleam is breaking through our night of commercial gloom. The dawn of prosperity is already at hand—and Great Britain is now on the upward grade.

One counter-argument is always used. It is said that there is no hope for our export trade till the Russian and Central European markets are recovered. I am entirely in favour of every effort for restoring peace and prosperity to Europe, but I deny that our whole prosperity must wait till that restoration is accomplished.

The trade of Central Europe is important, but, after all, let us consider it:—

The export in 1913 to Germany, Russia, Austro-Hungary and the Balkans was 14 per cent. of the total.

Only 30 per cent. of the total production of Great Britain was exported.

These countries, therefore, only took 7½ per cent. of our total production.

As a set-off against this loss of 7½ per cent. we can:—

Develop the home market, which is 70 per cent. of the total.

Develop trade within the Empire.

Develop it with South America and China.

Whatever we have lost in Europe we can easily make good here—and with this additional satisfaction, that the money and goods turned to this purpose will be comparatively safe.

I am not suggesting that the whole edifice of foreign trade is not a structure in which the prosperity of every part depends on the soundness of the whole. The buying power of Canada, Australia, and the Argentine must

depend on their capacity to sell their goods abroad, and any market ruined for them hinders their power to purchase from us.

What I do say is this—it is easy to over-estimate the importance of Central Europe as a world customer. If we lose customers there we can easily gain them elsewhere. And in truth it is within the Empire and in these other lands I have mentioned that our future development must in any event be, if our industrial history in the past is to be any guide to the future.

What is the history of the industrial revolution in Great Britain?

The first stage is the gathering in of the raw materials of the outlying lands and the purchase of their foodstuffs in exchange for our manufactured goods.

Second comes the concurrent stage by which we export to those countries machinery which sets up an industrial system there, which is both competing with and complementary to British industrial effort.

None the less the main truth remains that Britain has looked for her immense industrial development and for the prosperity of the vast populations which depend on it to the new and semi-developed lands, to the countries where the pastoralist and agriculturist still holds sway or the delver prefers to ship his newly discovered raw material to be manufactured in England, rather than to set up his local national factory. It is to these limits of the Empire and the world that this manufacturing nation always looks —and in comparison Europe is a barren field for our enterprise.

And where Great Britain looks for prosperity the world as a whole must look too. It is the pastoral producer, the delver after the raw material—wealth hidden in the earth—who will best restore the wastage of the war. It is by the efforts of these men that this vast devastation will be repaired.

Therefore the workers, the manufacturers, the financiers, of Great Britain will be mistaken if they spend too much time muck-raking among the collapsed Exchanges of Europe and ignoring the golden crown which their own country, their Empire, and the ends of the earth offer them in exchange.

Back to Realities

By Austin Harrison

As foreseen by serious observers, Genoa has failed in its central purpose, which was, or should have been, economics. Politically, its failure is far more apparent than real, for though M. Poincaré can undoubtedly claim a victory on points—a victory of frustration—the general atmosphere has cleared, and through the mist the fundamental divergence of view separating French and British policy has emerged with almost startling precision, and at least we know where we are. If the French sandbagged Genoa, they have contributed nothing. Rather the reverse. They chose to thwart Mr. Lloyd George for political motives, because they want him out of office. Europe they disregarded. Peace, trade, reconstruction, reason—such trifles concerned them not. They saw only France victorious, France the mistress of Europe. They treated our Premier as an enemy. They smashed Genoa and register a Pyrrhic victory, and the Prime Minister returns baulked and billhooked ominously like the lone figure of President Wilson after the Peace of Versailles.

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Mr. Lloyd George failed in his larger purpose not really because of the French, certainly not for lack of energy, cleverness, courage, and determination—in Europe his reputation has risen as a result of the Conference—but from his own virtues, which once more led him astray. He is the artist-politician, not a statesman. He relies on impulse, inspiration, improvisation, or opportunism. He rarely, as they say in the City, goes round the circle. His mentality is that of a leaper. He went to Genoa, like Salome, to dance for the Hydra head of war, trusting to his own equipment. The great flaw in his approach to a World Conference of such great importance seems never to have been considered. That flaw, as all can see now, was America. At the critical juncture the omission rose as

the Phœnix out of the ashes to ring down the curtain. Contrary to the saying, perhaps significantly so to the French, this time the " absent " were right.

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That was the Premier's mistake, he ignored America. How did this come about? Six months ago we were at Washington in close counsel with America, and the result was a brilliant success. We re-established our position with America; yielded over Japan, over naval armaments, over general policy, and undoubtedly saved the threatening American-Japanese war. Nothing would have been simpler than to have ascertained America's attitude towards so serious a problem as treating with Russia, towards a Reparations policy which is to-day recognised as economic nonsense, towards the right steps of precision and direction with regard to the reconstruction of Europe. A cable two days before Genoa addressed to Mr. Hoover would have solved the question, and yet the Premier sallied forth as if in serene ignorance of America's veto, apparently even discounting it. It explains the whole nature of the opposition, for failure from the first day was patent. Mr. Lloyd George had omitted to find out in advance the attitude of the one Great Power that mattered, seeing that credit was the argument.

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Now the French, who understand war, made no such intelligence mistake. They sounded America first, and the moment they knew that America would enter into no parley or treaty with the Bolshevists, M. Poincaré's course was easy. He had but to stay away and block. What Russia wants is credit. Who but America can or dare provide credit in existing conditions? France, like a good strategist, fastened on that cardinal point at once. French opposition was thus implicitly American opposition. French nervousness at the wiles and pranks of Britain's versatile Prime Minister changed overnight into exultation. The French blunder at Washington over submarines was rectified in part automatically. M. Poincaré knew all along that in blocking our Premier he was acting on behalf of the absentee guest, and that was why he treated Mr. Lloyd George so disrespectfully. He knew that nothing would happen if

America stayed out, and so Mr. Lloyd George's magnetism, his almost heroic efforts in the interests of peace, his consummate statecraft, proved of no avail; M. Poincaré had the American "joker" up his sleeve, and whacked it down—*pouf!*—on every occasion. *Eh, mon ami—pouf!* Reparations—*pouf!* Russia—*pouf!* The Entente—*pouf!* Golf? No, the Ruhr—*pouf! Vive la France. Vive La Fayette. Pouf!*

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And now? Has our Premier lost his cunning now that he has regained his soul? That is the question; it will be Britain's problem for the rest of the year. Genoa, faced with the implacable veto of America, was obviously a futility from the outset, and one can only view with bewilderment the Premier's lonesome effort to achieve success in a Conference dominated by France, whose sole idea was the frustration of its capital object, supported by America and practically every drawing-room in this country. Yet in a real sense the Premier has acquired merit. He has stood for construction as against wreckage, and fought for it quite like Don Quixote. Men like that. He returns in a furrow and quick decisions have become urgent. The Coalition can hardly survive another winter's discontent, for in spirit it is Mr. Lloyd George now feathered, in the Press, with Bolshevist quills; labelled. He has lost his election opportunity which offered itself last January. The ladies to-day no longer thrill at his name; the spell has broken; the last of the four wreckers of Versailles hangs on literally by his own eyelids, and bricks are falling in price. What will he do? Will he fight? Fight whom, with what? Or will the Genoese absentee provide the loving-cup?

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It looks rather like it. After Genoa, The Hague—and oil. A lubricant word. It worked at Genoa marvellously. Just when the Conference had got to the sticky place and no result seemed inevitable, oil was pronounced one morning in a newspaper. A deal, the Bolshevists were selling out to the Shell Group! The Bolshevists are obviously no fools. The mere threat, probably a complete canard, brought America with a bound into the arena, and Mr.

Pierpont Morgan got on the first boat. Europe trembles. The P.M. of America is coming. The situation changes. Mr. Hoover immediately makes a carefully weighed speech, which is important not only because it is horse common sense, but because it unquestionably reflects the terms and conditions upon which America is prepared to tempt Providence again in Europe and co-operate. We stumble back to dreams of reality. What are these contingent dreams? They are (1) an atmosphere of peace (this is aimed at France); (2) reduction of armaments (La Fayette again); (3) adjustment of debts and Reparations on a capacity basis (this is a full hit at France); (4) the balancing of Budgets; (5) the establishment of the gold standard. If only Mr. Lloyd George had thought of this completely reasonable programme before Genoa, he might to-day be Columbus the Second. But he went, like Mr. Wilson, without paper, without precise principles of policy, without a policy of principles, and France shot him up. Fortunately for the world, the Bolshevists played a Northcliffian card, they thought of the Press. A blessed leakage. The Standard Oil Company are on the trail. Nor has America got Europe's gold for nothing. Note Mr. Hoover on the gold standard (point 5). If Mr. Lloyd George had only been really cunning!

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If Mr. Lloyd George had risen in plenary council and said "Gentlemen, since America won't help, we must help ourselves; therefore, seeing that we all owe about £50,000,000,000, and even owe America a sum in interest which exceeds the total annual gold production of the world, it is clear that we cannot pay and that taxation at the ratio of 50 : 50 is the only outlook. I propose a European paper standard of currency based not on gold, which is a speculative measurement, but on the scientific value of land"—well, if he had made that remark, Genoa would doubtless have been a howling success, for America's whole credit policy towards Europe concerns gold, the possession of which gives her the unique credit power which holds Europe in leash. But Mr. Lloyd George no doubt observed Mr. Maynard Keynes at Genoa and did not want him to resign again and write another book, and said nothing about gold. It was a unique chance lost, for it

is the world's problem. Consequently the only fun was the Bolshevist *ballon d'essai* anent oil. So Genoa is over and nobody is much the worse. It is lucky. Its net result is Mr. Pierpont Morgan's visit to Europe. He is coming to talk about the gold standard. He travels with greater power than all the sovereigns of the world. His mission is to help our Sisyphean Premier in his task of rolling the ball up the mountain—of healthy bankers' credits and discounts. Rather unexpectedly to France, who has called up her boys of eighteen in preparation for the triumphal march into the Ruhr just to prove how little France cares for reparations, Mr. Pierpont Morgan expects to arrange a little loan to Germany, which, an it comes off, will foreclose the French invasion plans and undo all M. Poincaré's Genoese sticking-plaster and make the Conference a drawn fight. One of France's objects in blocking an agreement with Russia was to prevent a Genoese concord of the nations, which might make her German "security" or annexationist policy look ridiculous, thus leaving her a free hand to march in on the pretext of the German default, May 31st. But now this will be difficult. If Mr. Lloyd George ignored America, M. Poincaré misjudged her. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the corrector of statistics of Genoa. He is not taking the journey to cheer the French "send off," he is a traveller in values, and so the probability is that the invasion of the Ruhr will not take place, and M. Poincaré will be fortunate if as a result of the Parisian disappointment he manages to hole out with a majority.

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Genoa thus ends with honours easy. If the French beat Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Pierpont Morgan sockets the French; if America defeated Moscow, Chicherin undoubtedly "drew" America. The net result is a still further weakening of the stays of European credit and the fortunes of reputations. Here, a General Election would seem inevitable this year. In Europe, Genoa points a stern lesson. It is that Supreme Councils and supreme political performers are no longer sufficient; that is to say, the "Holy Alliance" of the war is disintegrating, as all Holy Alliances do. Neither M. Poincaré with his admirable logic, nor Mr. Lloyd George with his witching statecraft, nor the latest aspirant to international honours, tough little

M. Benes of the "Holy" Little Entente, nor Dr. Lenin seeking to pawn the "dead souls" of bankrupt Russia, like the hero of Gogol's masterpiece, can control the elements conjured up by the Peace, or sway or inspire or mystify their suffering peoples. The days of pontifical men are gone. Things are growing too visible, pregnant with too many possibilities. Real, sound beginnings are the only escape. Real, true principles are the only salving swords. Real, economic foundations are the only curatives. Reconstruction will now begin from within.

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Here, we need it badly. We want a new Government chiefly because we have not got a representative Parliament. It is not the Government so much that we want to change as the Jury of the Government, which as the result of the "Hang the Kaiser" Election hardly exists and in the country means a minus. The war gags, handcuffs, stops, blocks, and fowling-pieces are vexatious anomalies in a reawakening land, and we shall not obtain a right policy until once more opinion recaptures a House of Commons sunk to-day to little more than a symbol. That is Britain's main requirement, and it explains France's cavalier attitude towards us. She fancies that Britain will vote Tory, and that under the pleasant personality of some amenable Prime Minister Britain will underwrite her militarism. It is a dangerous supposition. Yet whether true or false, we ought to risk it. After all, we are and remain the leading Power in Europe. Our credit is good and is rising. We have not the smallest reason to play second fiddle, and on the whole we have come through the difficult years since the Armistice with signal success. We need not be in the tow of any European Power. We need not even remain in the European constellation, if it pleases us. Our credit is war champion. Our index is sound. Look ahead as critically as one can, our future need present no insurmountable difficulties, and our illusions are almost vanishing. That is France's difficulty, she cannot see beyond her illusions, she cannot get out of her extraordinary insularity, she cannot dream. But our policy is prescribed. It is westwards. It lies in a frank understanding with America. It lies in our Colonies. It lies, as always, on the seas—and in the air. Above all, in the great fresh air of new begin-

nings which are our genius. But to-day our political balloon is captive. To fly again we need new men, new forces, new inspirations. We have them. Lots of war myths have still to be torn down, ripped up, cast on the scrap-heap. The process of returning to realities will at least be an exciting one. But we must get back, must reacquire the habit of recognising values. In a word, the American programme shows the way. It says, not pyrotechnics, economics. America is right. She cannot be expected to sink investors' money into the bottomless bins of Russian, Austrian, Polish, or German paper credit, except on real security. But what security? That is where Genoa failed.

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When we talk of European reconstruction, we mean primarily credit, which again means confidence, and it is because confidence is utterly lacking in the peaceful acceptance of the Treaty map that the economics of recovery are hopelessly entangled in its politics. America represents the economic side of reconstruction, hence eschews the politics: France stands for the political or physical side, hence refuses the economics. Genoa at least brought that to light. France declares for sentiment, America for reality; hitherto we have tried to ride astride both horses. That is really why no progress has been made since the Treaty. But economics have taught us lessons. In Lancashire men no longer sniff at trade balance. Our super-production cry turned out to be only another lie. Super-production presupposes super-consumption, which is the very condition lacking. To-day, quite a lot of men who talked of squeezing the pips out of German marrow are now living dangerously on bank overdrafts, sighing for the return of Mr. Asquith. The god, Capital, smiles. His laws are inexorable. "Treat me with disrespect," he says, "and you will eat rue." And thus it is. All Europe reels into paper repudiation. Many wish they had never heard of industrials. We wink at the word indemnity. We are again "shopkeepers." The great Napoleon had a true insight, which France has unlearnt. Our task is to bring her back to Napoleon's vision, to convince her that shopkeepers cannot live by shop windows alone, for trade means movement, circulation, distribution, and we have an Empire

which has to sell. On that issue the election here will sooner or later be fought, no matter what irrelevant cry disturbs its course. It will be a traders' election. Up the open door, will be the thought. Open the cocks and sluices of war. Release the controls. Give us back our daily trade. Renew, restore, regain.

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Thus eventually we shall pack up our troubles, which largely are our own making. But brave collective initiative is needed, and a sure mandate, and now, with the tentative sounding from Washington, our policy, unless we have lost our intelligence, is perfectly obvious. It is not to try throws with France over the academic politics of reparations, but to discover and propound to the world the principles of our direction and the conditions of our co-operation. Exactly as America has done, and if we do this with America so much the better. We shall have to choose between France's way and America's, for the issue is credit, and there can be no credit advanced on a destructive or war policy. We can no longer face both ways. It is either the map of Versailles or credits, either into and of the welter of Europe or out of it, like America. That is our real political difficulty, which Mr. Lloyd George with immense pluck sought to solve personally at Genoa. Those who opine that France, Britain, and America, as recently suggested by Viscount Grey, will find a co-operative basis capable of satisfying at once French political designs and American financial requirements are thinking sentimentally, and it is precisely because of this predicament, because of the power militarily of France as political controller and of the power financially of America as the economic controller, that a working equation will prove so difficult and may even prove impossible. Of course, France may alter her attitude, but history is a fair guide. She feels herself to-day "on top." She reckons that we shall not interfere even if she decided upon a secondary disannexationist war against Germany on her own, which, now that the world has disarmed Germany, she is perfectly able to carry out. Even if Mr. Pierpont Morgan is vexed, she banks upon American neutrality. Who will stop France if, realising that reparations are an illusion and that her own financial position is insolvent, she decides to break up Germany into

the separatist States that existed before the union? This is no question of method or diplomacy. It is Europe's actual and supreme danger, for if we acquiesced in that action, allowed it, sanctioned it, the honour of the Allies would be killed and Europe would settle down secretly and remorselessly for the next war of liberation. American credits would in that case not be forthcoming. The wholesale bankruptcy of Europe, including France, would be inevitable. Western civilisation would assuredly perish of its own Christianity.

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To seek for an equation obviating so hideous a calamity was the motive of Mr. Lloyd George's mission at Genoa. Optimists may note with complacency the failure of that attempt, but few with any historical knowledge, with any prescience, with any grasp of the true economic state of Europe, can derive much satisfaction from his discomfiture, which is a pretty hard blow to our prestige. Involved is the utility of the Entente, which is not quite the same thing as the sentimental bond uniting two peoples who fought so magnificently shoulder to shoulder through four years of war. The understanding is above political instability, and there is no reason why it should be jeopardised. But if the utility of the Entente is meaningless, if France pulls one way and we another, then immediately the Europe of the Treaties becomes a prairie fire which any gale can fan into an all-round conflagration. Decidedly, we are not going to fight in Europe for the sanctity of the Treaties; that is Europe's war peace problem, and it is so grave a problem because the excisions, annexations, landslides, and penalties exceed the endurance of any virile nation, and too many bruised, maimed, and half-choked nations constitute the majority. Alone, France cannot hold down this throttled Europe with or without an army, with or without credit. In her heart she knows that. That is Europe's danger. Only an Entente wisely capable of adjustments, perfect in common spirit and self-interest, prepared and ready to shepherd Europe back into peace and concord, could aspire to dictate to the millions who compose Europe east of the Rhine and hold them down in permanent physical and economic subjection. Britain at any rate will certainly not take on the responsibility. What then? It

must be either peace or war. Europe must revive or sink, co-operate or fight, prepare solemnly for the next war or agree to try peace. If the French sincerely value our friendship, they can seek wisdom from the book of fate.

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The fact that a peace "pact" has been concluded is merely a temporary contrivance, gratifying as it is, thereby reducing the likelihood of the June French invasion to a postponement; yet it is only that. Europe's question is France. How can France be appeased? How can French finance be salved from the crash? How can the Entente, which is the basis of the secret Treaties that form the structure of the Paris Treaties, be turned into a constructive or peace policy? And if not, what? France's claim to dominate Europe is Bourbonism. If she insists upon risking the gamble she must do so on her own, that is certain, and it may come to that impasse as surely and logically as war became a biological inevitability in 1914. The German-Russian agreement indicates the reaction. Nations cannot to-day be treated as slaves. It is absurd to suppose that only France is to be allowed an army, or the right of treaty-making or even of trading. Yet such is the position under the Versailles Treaty, the basis of which is the Entente. The Entente was a war interest. Is it to remain so? If we decide to keep it as a war balance of power, Europe will seek safety in a rival balance of war, and Armageddon will merely have been the first phase.

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As for Russia, she is returning to credit or the capitalist system as rapidly as she can. There again the difficulty is political. France is determined to oppose any agreements with a Russia which is not under her sway, for then the war would have given France nothing but a balance of power greatly in her disfavour. Whichever way one looks at the problem of Europe, peace must remain a theory until the reasons of peace are realities, which at present only an idiot can believe. If France takes the Rhine, revenge will be inscribed across the plains of Europe. If France loses Russia as ally, her military claim becomes untenable, her only real security lies in a constructive peace, in bigness of view, in satisfying and leading the sentiment of new Europe. This sentiment, which in a few years will emerge as the

reflection of the trenches of Europe, is hard to gauge. Many assume that youth is unchangeable, that no new attitude will be born; there are many who think the contrary. But at least this is certain. The politicians who filled the " ample Presidentiads " of war are falling back to their true values, unmasked, revealed, sized up, and their places all over Europe will be taken by the men who fought, who, unless human nature is a queerer thing than would seem possible, must be credited with memory. What will they do with this possession? If the League of Nations is ever to become a live force, it will be created by this memory of blood and suffering, it will derive from the soldiers, it will be born of death.

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After Genoa, what? We shift to The Hague. Again the experts will confer. Again there will be pious resolutions, diplomatic fisticuffs, newspaper vendettas, and *verboten* written in French across the slate. The German exchange-dumping prosperity looks like giving at last, and unless the mark falls to 1,800 to the £, unemployment will grow in Germany now rapidly. Then her crisis over the purchase of raw will begin. The whole German trade boom rests upon the rotten finance of a falling currency exchange which is political. If it is to continue, her finance will go downward in pursuit of Polish, Russian, and Austrian money, and then the bottom will fall out, resulting in internal repudiation, which is practically an inevitability. Perhaps that would be the quickest way out. Then half Europe will smash. Currencies would be wiped out, and the credit of the major part of Europe would compete handsomely with Dr. Lenin's. Quite conceivably now Europe will crash, it may be in 1923, possibly in 1925, which is the date prophesied by English financiers. Unless France changes her attitude this downfall must take place financially, and when that occurs France will not find herself exactly popular in the Europe of some 400,000,000 bankrupt and half-crazy inhabitants.

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That is why we cannot participate. Inevitably France would be financially involved, and perhaps that is the sole reason for optimism left. Our English business is to trade

upon this optimism and turn it to account. We must have a national attitude. We must begin with the Entente. Either we refix up a military Entente which economically and in spirit is anti-European, or we Europeanise the Entente. We cannot have it both ways. Personally, I believe it to be entirely within the range of practical politics to make the Entente a live, human, cultural force in harmony with European interests, itself the exemplar and inspirer of European evolution, and certainly an economic reality. The thing is to have it out, not by newspaper wrangle, by diplomatic ruses, by champagne speeches at public dinners, but by cold economic exchange of reason on the part of accredited and selected judges in both countries whose business it would be to come to conclusions, to precise conditions, to formulate principles of useful co-operation. It is a closet conference that we need now, or opinion which means passion will get away with it, and then anything may happen. We originally joined up with France to oppose Germany. Our true interest now is to join up with, to educate, France to save Europe, unless we deliberately think that Europe is past or not worth the while saving. The French have acquired the habit since the establishment of the "single command" of ordering us about in foreign affairs, but this conceit is now in need of correction. That first. Afterwards, economics pure and simple. Let France be officially asked to state precisely what she requires to permit of European peace and trade, and again what future she contemplates if she refuses to permit of this now entirely reasonable condition; and let us do the same, and have the statements published in every newspaper in the country. The question is only locally French; it is in all essentials European, just as the basis of the Entente was and should be European. The Entente must rest upon mutual understanding and it must have an objective or central common purpose. Is it to continue merely as the Damocles sword held over Germany? If so, the war meant nothing but a dog-fight. Sentiment cannot hold it against opposing interest. Alliances mean nothing unless contained by a strong common interest. Our interest to-day is trade or peace, not sentiment. If France had 2,000,000 unemployed, she too would realise, but she keeps her young men in the Army—on a paper Budget. The

question is, what for? When France answers that question we shall know the exact value of the Entente—historically.

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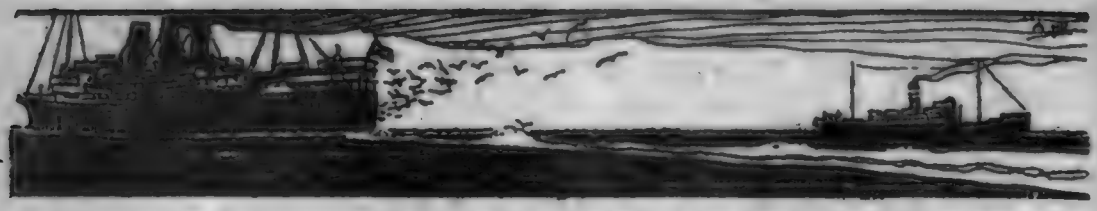
The conscience of Britain is reawakening. Life is breaking through once more. Landmarks are crumbling. The old sense of free thought, of individualism, of discovery, is returning, and behind that lies the motive impulse of the race. We are living through a pulsating phase which will pass, as Bolshevism will pass, as all physical things pass. They are wonderful days. Our future lies with ourselves. It should be magnificent in creation and leadership, in civilisation. Perhaps our future will depend upon our decisions in the next few years, our power of self-assertion, our example, our imperial co-ordination, our sweet reasonableness across the seas. Out of the war there has come the Empire. We are faced with this federal problem over the Canadian embargo, over Australian colonisation, over India, over Ireland, the economic importance of whom to us is curiously little realised. The only remedy is to get back to realities—about reparations and capacity, about the Entente, about general policy, about our internal mechanism of policy, which needs a stout broom. We should think furiously about these things, all of us. We must recover a political Opposition. We need a Parliament once more in control of the purse. We need the surging conscience of new men with new ideas and a new fortitude, who can recreate, as only we can, out of the wreckage of war the foundations of order and of world progress.



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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO BE INTELLIGENT. By JOHN ERSKINE. Daniel. 6*s*. net.

MR. JOHN ERSKINE, doctor of philosophy and professor of English in Columbia University, writes a more English English than most Englishmen, with a touch of eighteenth-century stateliness, and exhibits a sober zeal which smacks pleasantly of New England. His subject, the moral obligation to be intelligent, is developed in five admirable essays, for, having laid down his premise in the first, he proceeds to illustrate "the moral use to which intelligence might be put, in rendering our admirations and our loyalties at once more sensible and more noble" in such subjects as "The Mind of Shakspear," "Magic and Wonder in Literature," and "Immortal Things," with sound sense and those occasional sparkles which illuminate gravity so effectively. His sound analysis of the mind of Shakspear will naturally attract most attention, for, brushing aside all the elaborate hero-worship with which so many

commentators have overwhelmed him, Mr. Erskine does much to discover for us the nature of the intelligence behind the writings in a serviceable and efficient manner. These are in short essays of solid excellence.

PAN AND THE TWINS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

GREAT PAN is not dead, far from it. Disguising his horns beneath a skull-cap of red, and his hairy thighs in scholarly trousers, he has cloven his syrinx to match his hidden hooves, and turned its music into a prose which we all adore. From Lutetia his pipings are heard afar, and their pleasing echo is alive in the west countree—a softened echo devoid of the erotic note, for which we are perhaps a trifle too hyperborean—but pulsing the large, deep measure of the pasturer very truly. All this is a tribute to the devotee who tells us gracefully a gracious story of old Rome, where two brothers find each other and learn to live as Christian and Pagan in the strong and sweet humanity of Pan, the immortal philosopher. Mr. Phillpotts has many styles, none more acceptable than this stately manner of fantastic-historic with a deeper undertone of truth beneath its engaging fancies.

A BOOK OF PREFACES. By H. L. MENCKEN. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

WE have already welcomed Mr. Mencken for the independence and vim of his critical writings; it remains to be said that this fourth printing of his *Prefaces* has the characteristic dynamic force which is acceptable when the bull's-eye is hit and the bell rung as often and as convincingly as the detonation is registered. This book is devoted to the consideration of three great writers—Conrad, Dreiser, and Huneker—and to a destructive paper on "Puritanism as a Literary Force." English and American letters are so interrelated, and (although we have no Comstock Act) the reactionary mind is so much alive here as well as there, that this vigorous protest against an international misconception of the true function of literature is tonic on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Mencken writes with the convincing volubility of a machine-gun, sweeping away and withering up battalions of reputations and conventions, but seeing his objective clearly, and clearing a path for slower minds to travel by. A stimulating, critical assize.

BOOKS AND CHARACTERS. By LYTTON STRACHEY. Chatto and Windus. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

IT is a pleasing paradox in these days of Mutt and Jeff to see Mr. Lytton Strachey rising meteorically into celebrity over a pair of books of literary criticism, for it shows that the old dog is not dead yet. In this volume of criticisms, reprints largely, the author challenges the acid test. He emerges brilliantly. There can now be no longer doubt. The man who amused England over the Victorians is a great critic—of life. He has the qualities of the great French critics—repose, culture, style, penetration, blessed with English humour. He writes clearly from his library for himself. He has things to say, he says them. Saturated in French models, he is a very English scholar, armed with the pen, and in this delightful volume he corrects and precises a few values. He stands up for Racine; rehabilitates Sir Thomas

Browne's latinisms; questions the smug conventional conception of Shakespeare's old age serenity and comfort; reveres Blake. On the French, he is equally happy. He rightly places his thumb on Voltaire's curious lack of the theatre sense, and in a pithy note he "places" Rousseau. Perhaps his typical things are his sentimental probings into dim and past reputations. Charming and admirable as criticism is the essay on Beddoes, the last Elizabethan; winsome the portrait of Lady Hester Stanhope; delightful the recreation of Mr. Creerey; exact and scrupulous his estimate of Beyle or Stendhal. His judgments are well-balanced, refined, courtly, profound, and, unlike most critics, Mr. Strachey has acquired, or possesses naturally, the objective sense which enables him to think impersonally, ungeographically, non-physically, with his own ego as a culture, not as a cult. Hence the strange fascination of this book of literary ramblings. One feels that the writer is really appraising his subjects, not seeking to be witty or learned or pontifical or journalistic at their expense, and the result is confidence implicit. He is not "out" to make or mar, still less is he out for himself. This refreshing quality, so rare nowadays, so far removed from the ephemeral blatancy, egotism, and literaturalady of newspaper criticism, woven into a style, which is an art, makes Mr. Strachey a true critic, the creator.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. THIRD SERIES. ANATOLE FRANCE. John Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS latest volume of the admirably done Bodley Head Series is, as its title suggests, a collection of the master's literary criticisms, for the subjective form of which he has been taken to task by M. Ferdinand Brunetière, a fact which affords material for a delicious preface, in which the function of criticism is discussed with the suave wit and kindly wisdom which always flows from this wonderful pen. There follow more than thirty papers which have arisen from the publication of works of literary interest, mainly appreciations and critical studies of outstanding French works, to which our Anatole adds his quota of extraordinarily interesting personal recollections in many cases, and always his penetrating and kindly judgment. What a reader is this writer! How his richly stored mind reverberates to fact and style and implication, and how delightfully he contributes from his matchless treasury of scholarship, fantasy, and taste. And what a writer this reader! How witty, kind, and human. Without the courage of M. Brunetière to criticise this critic of critics upon his method, we may at least hope that some authoritative pen with less discretion will give occasion for still more of the gentle polemic so enjoyable and so full of understanding. A mere list of subjects tells little, the range is as inclusive as Shakspeare and the musical glasses—or at least Rabelais and *café-concert* songs—and the translation for which Mr. D. B. Stewart is responsible is of the best, and the familiar "get up" worthy.

FICTION.

THE CAMOMILE. By CATHERINE CARSWELL. Chatto and Windus. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

PHRYNE did not disrobe before her judges with more confidence than does the "Ellen" of this book, and though she is Athene rather than

Phryne, we see her in the altogether with delight. Self-revelations which are neither morbid, neurotic, nor affected are sufficiently rare, and this study of a girl's soul shows her extraordinarily wholesome and alive, tingling to her finger-tips with sweet red blood, and passing her swift impressions with unfaltering mother-wit through her quick brain into the sort of writing which reads itself. Mrs. Carswell gives us the story of some vivid years in Ellen Carstair's life through a diary, written for the eyes of a girl friend in London, and we get all the savour of a serious home in Glasgow where religiosity is cultivated by "Aunt Harry," mingled with reminiscences of musical studentship in Frankfort and the ambitions, appreciations, and affections of the lively and likable diarist. The girl who took the wrong turning in her choice of arts and hearts, and came at last to her own true end, the brother, the lover, the friends and friends' friends, are shown to us with an artless distinction which is at once penetrating and tender—the sketch of "Don John," for example, in its simple restraint, is exquisite. A study of young womanhood seriously distinguished.

THE HIGHBROWS. By C. E. M. JOAD. Jonathan Cape. 6*s.* net.

MR. JOAD'S book chiefly concerns an Oxford undergrad, Arthur Pramp, a not very typical undergrad, perhaps, but interesting because of his inextinguishable intellectual curiosity about life, and his philosophical acceptance of consequences. He and his friends discuss endlessly and often amusingly, and he plunges into all sorts of activities, boys' clubs, settlement work, calf love, erotic adventure on a Breton reading party, uplift movements with summer school doings, up-to-date mixed club life, even matrimony of a "Mivian" sort, and all in despite of an old-fashioned mother who regards him as a naughty little boy. His father—Pramp Senior—sums up all these divagations with contemptuous but kindly common sense, and brings a book of mingled quality, but enlivened by gaiety, to a decent close. There is an element of caricature in this progress through highbrowism, amusing if a little bit belated in a post-war world, and one guesses that the quality of Mr. Joad's vintage may not recommend itself to the younger generation, but a good many old fogies will enjoy its reminiscent tang.

THE VENEERINGS. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Chatto and Windus. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF Dickens came back to us he would find himself in a world of dreadful amazements, but nothing would surprise him more than the transformation of his brilliant and amusing marionettes, accustomed to entirely theatrical backgrounds, into real live people begetting children of flesh and blood with quite ordinary motives and manners, in a remarkably authentic world. He would certainly find them less amusing, but, oh! how much more instructive! for what worlds apart are the worlds of "Boz" and Sir Harry. It is just for this reason that one forgives these continuations which give us so much insight into the recent past, and display an encyclopædic man-of-the-worldliness for which nothing is too great or too small. But the Veneerings, the Lammles, the Harmons, and Cecil Rhodes! Concerned with scientific botany and secret

police activities around Edward Prince of Wales and Napoleon III.! *Our Mutual Friend* turned into an epic of material progress! Wonderfully done folks, but suffering from wealth and respectability, and the sort of transfiguration which overtakes a fat harlequin become churchwarden. But alas for the spangles! Still, apart from the entirely un-Dickensian atmosphere, Sir Harry's adopted children are interesting enough, whilst, as a vehicle for a well-remembered world, the Veneerings serve as well as anybody else of less distinguished ancestry.

MORTAL COILS. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto and Windus.

MR. HUXLEY is still Byronic, and so the best of these stories is *The Fellotson Banquet*, where an idea carries him away from technique and introspection. In Barrie's hands we would have got "charm," but Mr. Huxley is too intellectual to pander to humanity, and the thing ends in realism. This is the note of this volume, and so they are studies rather than stories. The critic would love to expatiate at this point on the difference, for Mr. Huxley is still a case, so to speak; he has yet to show that he has that indefinable gift of portrayal which perhaps comes from sympathy more than any other quality, and it is here that the author differs. He does not give the impression of sympathy. He does not belong to his subjects. He is still the analyst. But it is an interesting book. Mr. Huxley has a splendid capacity. His danger as a writer of fiction is intellectuality.

THE GARDEN PARTY AND OTHER STORIES. By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Constable. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

SHORT stories are not supposed to be popular, yet Katherine Mansfield won a high reputation over *Bliss*, and sustains it brilliantly in this volume, which quite establishes her as one of our most notable writers. They are feminine to a degree, and as this is the age of women's work Katherine Mansfield has leapt into sudden fame practically without an introduction, in marked contradistinction to the long toil generally associated with novelists who attain to celebrity. What is the secret of this success? The stories are not of action; they do not deal with blood or physical peculiarities; they are kind of psychological whiffs which rely chiefly upon manner and presentation. Unquestionably, they have real power. The raw is touched, caressed perhaps one ought to say, and the author treads, like a cat after its prey, with sure mercilessness. On women she is an uncanny performer. She shows up her types imperceptibly by swift, deft touches, so that they stand out unforgetfully. There is no illusion. It is a book of life, cruel for the most, passionless, cynical, the mirror of humanity as seen through the unsentimental eye of a very clever woman. In many ways it is an astonishingly good book, so alert and incisive that one wonders whether we have not in Katherine Mansfield a feminine Maupassant.

PILLARS OF SALT. By ARTHUR MILLS. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

A SINGLE incident in this clever book has already appeared in the ENGLISH REVIEW under the title of "Rien ne va Plus," a good sample of the author's direct and picturesque manner of presentation and his easy familiarity with the life as it is lived. But the whole book is

much more than keenly enjoyed mondain actualities: it presents to us, unfalteringly, in a set of extremely well-done scenes, the story of three pretty women and their menfolk, in the whirl of the war's aftermath, eager to live and making success or failure according to their luck or their ballast. The sole bit of moralising in the gay series of house party, hunting, dancing, gambling and week-ending episodes is that which gives the book its title—just the reflection of a provincial Boniface upon the two sorts of women. The rest is love and laughter, cocktails and light talk, done with crisp actuality, and it is not until quite the close of the story that the sobering note of tragedy and narrow escape comes to give point to a brilliant series of gay pictures done with faultless actuality as to both persons and places.

PHILOSOPHY.

A Criticism of Einstein and his Problem. By W. H. V. Reade, M.A. Basil Blackwood, Oxford.

The donnish attempts at humour in this small book make it seem cruel to murmur *ignoratio elenchi*. But Mr. Reade confesses frankly that he is no mathematician, so he can scarcely expect to shine when he tackles so essentially technical a subject. Strangely enough, though, he succeeds in putting his finger on the weak spot—the Michelson-Morley experiment. This has almost certainly been misinterpreted, perhaps even in the way indicated by Mr. Reade.

There are, however, obvious sophisms in the book. On page 60, for instance, it is maintained that at least one object must be at rest. Here there is evidently confusion between motion itself and the meaning of the measurement of motion. The argument instantly suggests to the reader that Mr. Reade is a Neo-Platonist, and he bursts forth unashamed on the last page with a confession that this is the case. But Plotinus leaves the world in its original dilemma, slightly camouflaged, with his "One." The unity is the stumbling-block of all Advaita systems. The equation of existence must be written "Naught equals two"; the "One" can only exist as the result of combining any pair of opposites by "love under will." Modern physical theory, with its minute active positive electrons and their vast passive negative possibilities of fulfilment, confirms this philosophy, while the Monist is compelled, on the one hand, to ascribe a tendency to Dualism to his Purusha, and, on the other, to admit that pure unity is really pure nothing. 666.

POETRY.

Real Property. By Harold Monro. The Poetry Bookshop. 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Harold Monro is a distinct voice in the *brouhaha* of modern poets; his part is to look inside and consider the blind ego, to peer into the *antres* vast and deserts idle of half-remembered origins, and to glimpse the hidden significance, the soul of man eternally emerging and merging in the cosmos. This he does with agreeable simplicity and directness in the larger part of this little striated book under the generic caption of Real Estate—he, like us all, is a perishable house darkened, shuttered, but eternally haunted with voices which break in upon the pleasant quietudes of unconscious growth and suggest strife

and effort. A large thought in a well-turned set of allegories—passionless stuff, but with a naïve attractiveness which echoes significantly in the reader's quiet places. The scattered pieces which complete the booklet are pleasant enough transcripts and reflections with some of the unpremeditated charm of the seventeenth-century singers to outweigh the "*Georgian affectations*" to which the poet, rather unnecessarily, confesses.

SOCIAL.

TOWARDS A NEW SOCIAL ORDER. By AUGUST SCHVAN. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

IT is symptomatic to find so comprehensive or idealist a projection of a new order written by a quite practical man who for many years belonged to the Swedish diplomatic service, for those who believe that existing things are necessarily perfect and lasting are likely to be astonished at the thoroughness of the reforms contemplated. Taxation is to go, diplomacy, armed competition, and capital and labour will unite. But the reader need not be alarmed. Mr. Schvan is the implacable foe of Bolshevism or Marx, and his whole activities are directed against the State with its now monstrous tyranny of debt-power and taxation. He is an individualist, and his aim is to free mankind from the shackles of financial policy, domestic and foreign, and win to truer values. His scheme, which involves the suppression of limited liability companies and the establishment of the land as the basis of a nation's economic strength and currency, is merely projected in this all too short volume, which throws out dazzling solutions. In Denmark there exists a political party which espouses these canons. High finance won't like this book, but many will rejoice at this bold asseveration of impending change.

THE PRESS.

NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR MILLIONAIRES. By VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE. The Associated Newspapers, Ltd. 3*d.*

THE entertaining boutade by Lord Northcliffe on Press millionaires now appears as a pamphlet with further "meditations," *plus* pictures which seem the hardest cut of all. It is a document of considerable public interest, for the Press is now becoming a national problem which sooner or later will have to be treated. As a squib it is a fascinating revelation of mind and method, pleasingly impertinent, personal, provocative, and sure, just like *The Daily Mail*. The issue raised is important. The real point is evaded. It is power. Lord Northcliffe, as the Carpentier of Fleet Street, is entitled to all the power and wealth he can obtain; the question is: Suppose he controlled the whole Press and no other views (or rather "news") but his could find expression, what about it? Suppose, too, he was wrong [vide *The Daily Mail* on reparations, which Lord Northcliffe, who, of course, is acquainted with the opinions of bankers, etc., from Mr. McKenna to "friend" Cowdray, knows to be, in his own words, "economic unsoundness"], what would the country do? That is the real millionaire problem. Under the millionaires the Press has lost its freedom, its opinion, and is losing its authority, and the "kept" Press is the result. It is an evil condition. It is taking the place of the old kingly tyranny.

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IRELAND AND JAPAN

J. L. GARVIN, Esq.

Sir,—The "Observer" (21 May) in the Political Notes refers to Northcliffe's campaign against Japan as an "example of irresponsibility applying itself to foreign policy," and, in a paragraph on Ireland, says that "the Treaty is in graver danger than at any time since it was signed." You say that Genoa has been "a saving event in the life of the world." It is probable that the aged peer, Lord O'Neill, as he was being carried on a stretcher from his burning castle, was quite unconscious of any recent saving event in the life of the world. No Irishman has ever understood the Irish question, and therefore your complete agreement with Lord Northcliffe on Irish policy was not unnatural. But it is the failure of Irishmen to understand the elements of world-politics which is a real danger. For until Ireland is dealt with as an integral part of world-politics all progress, all movement, is barred. For six weeks the Prime Minister in Genoa tried to get a tune out of his box of tricks, but the "indomitable creature" failed. You and Northcliffe were to blame because, as Irishmen, you ought to have provided him with an Irish handle. Abuse of the French nation and of the Japanese nation is your joint and typically Irish contribution to world-statesmanship. In the politics of your own country you are beneath contempt. And yet you presume to advise the world. Did two men ever occupy a position of greater humiliation?

Now try to understand. There can be no improvement in the European position without development of League of Nations Law. Unfortunately, Mr. Asquith and his brilliant daughter think that this development can take place without submission on the part of England. They picture a new Europe brought into being by the Liberal Party of England employing the Agency of the League of Nations, to whose authority all the peoples of Europe shall submit except the English people.

To them every European problem is matter for League of Nations treatment, except the Irish problem. Lord Robert Cecil and Viscount Grey indulge the same fantastic conception of world-politics. The Labour Party is now scarcely worth mentioning, but so far as it can be an impediment and a hindrance it supports the view entertained by Mr. Asquith and his daughter. And so Europe is pulled up dead. England's lips are smeared with idealism, but at heart she is a snob. Europe is pulled up dead and with the perversity and irresponsibility proper to an Irishman you choose this tragic hour to speak of the "quenchless humour" of the Prime Minister and of his "endless skill." Do you suppose Lord O'Neill appreciates his quenchless humour? Is it not time that you and the Prime Minister and your brother Irishman, Northcliffe, were led to know that you are all useless in this world crisis, and that until you abandon the idea that you understand world affairs and carry out the instructions of others better informed you will continue to inflict grave injury upon the interests of Europe?

Ireland must be referred to the League of Nations, and you must explain to poor Mr. Asquith and his brilliant daughter that until that reference has been made the League of Nations will lack power and authority. France and Japan are members of the League, and it is fitting that you and your brother Irishman, Northcliffe, should suffer the well-deserved humiliation of being taught, you by France and he by his "little brown friends," the Japanese, how to behave. Irishmen lose no part of their responsibility for Ireland by escaping from it. Yours, etc., MODERATE PARTY.

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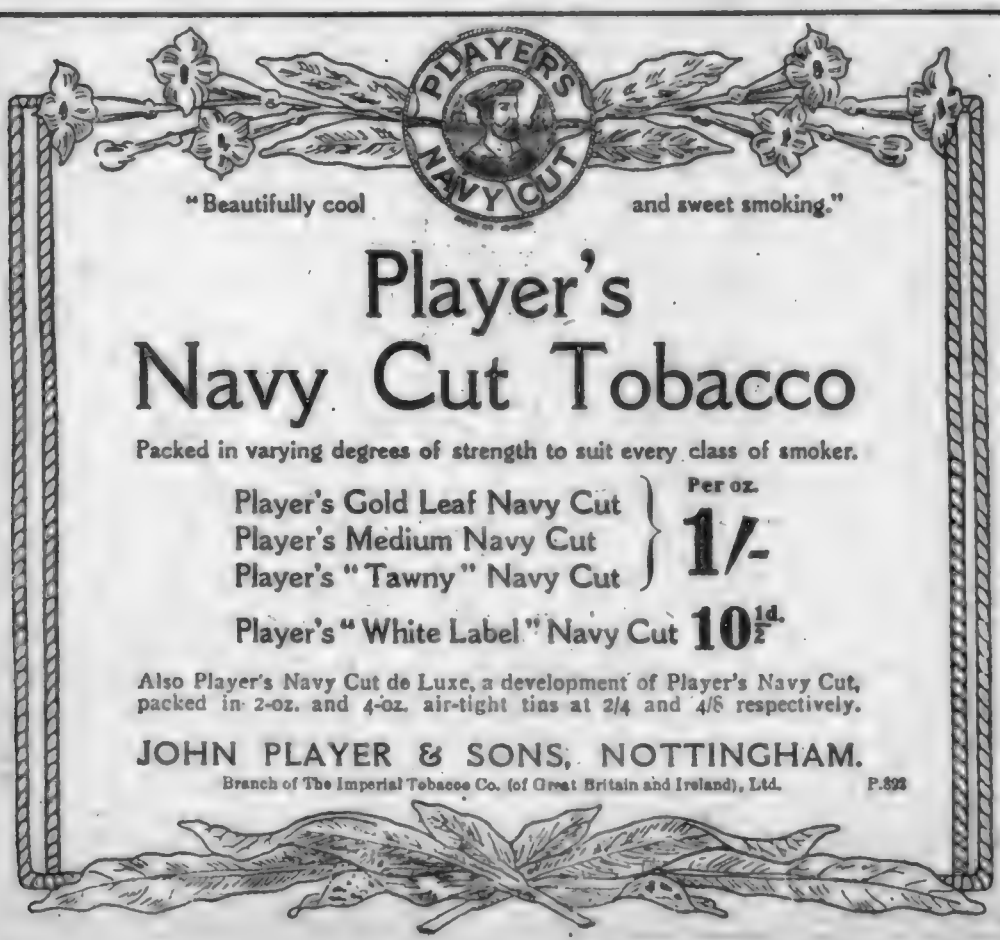
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SIMPLE ADAM & SUBTLE EVE

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Turning over an old Leaf

IN many ways it is doubtful whether we have advanced from early primitivism. Even the dilettante is compelled to face necessity, and necessity is an ugly vision. So, with the world's progress at a standstill, the mind reverts to the origin of things, and, hating primitive reality, ponders on the myth of Eden.

Probably Eve, when she took her morning bathe, tired of the unchanging reflection in the pool of her pearl-white covering, and, craving for change, evolved the original idea of body ornamentation. Having made her plans, she was subtle enough first to "feed the brute" before breaking the news, so in order to put him in a good humour she offered Adam a bite of her apple. Then, simulating a chill which did not exist, she induced him to search for decorative fig leaves to serve as alluring draperies.

From the moment of donning her first costume, she cultivated fresh whims and fancies, and varied her designs to such an extent that poor Adam's life became one long and weary search to discover fig-trees with leaves of rare and refreshing shape. Which occupation, incidentally, contrived to keep him out of other mischief.

* * * * * * *

The allegory applies to modern times. We twentieth century Adams hunt from morn till night, not for precious fig leaves, nor even now for gold, but in a paper chase for things called Treasury Notes. And when we have collected a large number of them, our modern Eves magically change them into a wisp of chiffon which they wrap around their dainty forms as a protection against the elements.

In a season Eve will appear adorned in a dozen diaphanous gowns, costing many hundreds of pounds, whilst Adam, humbly collecting the few odd notes Eve so generously permits him to keep for himself, trots along to Bond Street for a Dress Suit once a year.

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